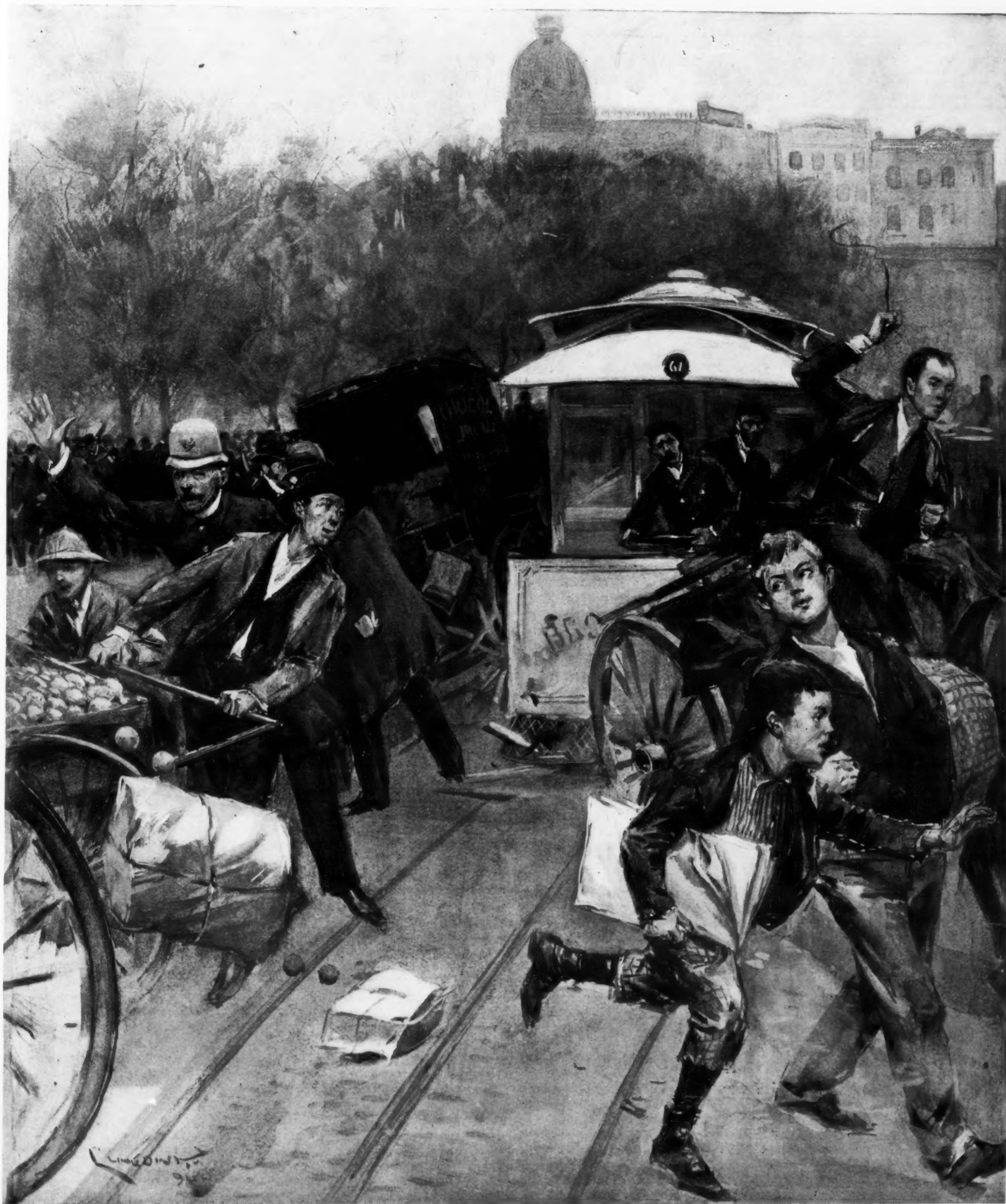


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1894

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Since the introduction of cable-cars on Broadway, few persons cross the street without taking a hurried survey in both directions to ascertain whether a car is approaching. A regard for personal safety begets vigilant watchfulness. Now and then, when a car breaks loose, even the most watchful are seized with panic, and sometimes narrowly escape personal injury in the eager scramble for the sidewalks.

A RUNAWAY CABLE-CAR ON UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 266.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.

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## Anarchy in the Senate.



THE speech of Senator Voorhees in support of the Wilson Tariff bill was as direct an incitement to anarchic violence as was ever made by any man in public life. None of the Chicago anarchists who precipitated the Haymarket massacre ever uttered sentiments more full of venom to the prosperous class, or more dangerous to the social order, than found expression in this remarkable harangue. It bristled with denunciations of the rich as plutocrats who are responsible for every economic ill; the "money power" was characterized as "relentless, unsparring, insolent, and brutal"; manufacturers who favor protection were characterized as "robbers, blackmailers, and predatory monsters." Nor did the Indiana Senator stop with mere denunciation. He went on to justify, by plain implication, the hostility of the anarchist class to the possessors of wealth. Here is a sample of what he said in this connection:

"Speaking in the fear of my Maker, I devoutly believe that the limit of endurance has been reached, so that the time has come for a test between the power of hoarded money and the power of productive labor; that the people from this time forward more than ever before will organize and take rapid and heroic measures against the continued and brutal dictation of the plutocracy, against the paramount influence of wealth, against the rule and supremacy of the rich in shaping the financial policy of this government in their own interests."

"And when the contest comes, as it will speedily and in many ways and forms, the bankers, the money-changers, usurers and possessors of millions, who have provoked it, will stand aghast at the consequences of their own folly; they will figuratively, if not literally, cry out for the rocks and hills to hide from the wrath of an outraged people. A two-per-cent. tax on a portion of their income will appear in the hour of reckoning as a very small and trifling matter compared to others more serious."

Here is a plain and explicit justification of the war which Herr Most and his followers are making upon society. These troublemakers are the victims of outrage and injustice; they have been "provoked" by the rich to appeal to slaughter and rapine in defense of their rights, and their oppressors must not be surprised if one of these days these victims of the money power, driven to desperation, seize and appropriate to themselves everything they can lay their hands upon. That is the language and the spirit in which an American Senator, and the leader of his party on the Senate floor, addresses the American people in discussing a question of economic policy. Could anything be more infamous or reprehensible? When some petty demagogue preaches the gospel of revolution from the tail of a cart here in New York he is treated as a public enemy

and sent to prison. How much more deserving of punishment is this Senator, who uses his exalted position to preach the doctrines of anarchy, inflame the passions of desperate men, and precipitate a murderous conflict of classes. Mr. Voorhees earned an odious eminence during the war for the integrity of the Union by denouncing the soldiers who flocked to its defense as "Lincoln's dogs and hirelings," but that offense, outrageous as it was, was less serious and flagrant as a menace to law and orderly government than this deliberate proclamation of sympathy with the theories which hold the accumulation of wealth to be a crime, and the spoliation of the rich by the poor to be a rightful method of adjusting unequal conditions. The State of Indiana may well lament that she must for three years more suffer the disgrace of having this man as one of her representatives.

## The South Carolina Conflict.



THE recent uproar in South Carolina was the result of conditions easy to be understood. For years there has been growing up a feeling of antagonism among the people of the up-country, the poor whites and tenant farmers, toward the aristocracy and landed proprietors who had long dominated the State. Before the Civil War the planters, with the bankers and men of wealth in the cities of the eastern coast, exercised absolute authority. They made laws, levied taxes, elected governors and officials of every class; controlled all the machinery of government for their own purposes and in their own interest. Practically the masses of the population in the middle and western counties were the serfs of a haughty and domineering business and political aristocracy. Shut up in a narrow environment, abjectly poor, ignorant, and uninformed, while realizing in some sense their miseries and necessities, they submitted tamely to conditions from which they could see no way of relief. The war came, and thousands of them, in common with other thousands from other States, went into the Confederate service. When Lee marched into Maryland and Pennsylvania they followed his standard, and what they saw there and in Virginia and elsewhere produced a profound impression. They found a prosperous population living in comfort and plenty, well clothed, well housed, well fed, suffering from none of the disabilities to which they, in their homes of squalor and want, had always been exposed. The sight awakened inquiry and unrest, and when the war ended these men returned to their homes with new ideas and aspirations, indefinite, it is true, but none the less actual. There was something better than the life they were living—this vassalage to poverty and despair. How could they attain unto it? For a time, during the reconstruction period, when everything was in chaos, they acquiesced as stolidly as before in the rule of the old-time masters. But the new spirit could not be forever repressed. The tenant farmers realized that, labor as they might, they were constantly growing poorer, every year falling more absolutely under the control of the moneyed class. Where was the way of escape? Just then the Granger organization appeared, offering its panacea for the ills of the farming class. Aggressive and insistent, it appealed with peculiar force to these South Carolinians of the poorer sort. Its schemes for the betterment of their condition seemed to their limited intelligence revelations from heaven. They embraced them and organized in their support. Succeeding this organization came the Farmers' Alliance, with its suggestions of political action in furtherance of agricultural interests. Eager demagogues, appreciating more fully than the old politicians the depth and intensity of the popular unrest, came to the front, proclaimed open war upon the ancient régime, and marshaled the hosts for battle. The result is matter of history. Tillman was elected as Governor, and with him a Legislature prepared to carry out any policy, however radical or revolutionary, which he might propose. Laws were enacted to compel the wealth and enterprise of the State to sustain something like a fair proportion of the cost of government. Most of these laws were just in principle and purpose, but in some cases they were purely retaliatory, being instigated by hatred and revenge. The State Dispensary law was in a sense inspired by this feeling, though its main support came from an honest moral sentiment. Governor Tillman himself was from the first imperious and audacious, feeling apparently that he was an instrument chosen of God for humbling and breaking down the odious governing class. By that class he was from the beginning hated with an almost murderous hatred. He has been pursued by it and its organs with pitiless malignity. Personally honest, his integrity has been assailed at every turn; not a single act of his administration, which, with all its serious errors, has been loyal to its pledges, has escaped criticism and abuse. And so the conflict has waged, growing constantly in violence and bitterness. The recent outbreak was the logical and inevitable outcome of this acute antagonism. If it had not come with the Dispensary law as a pretext it would have come, sooner or later, in some other form no less dangerous.

Contemplating this conflict of classes, and the causes

which have led to it, two reflections occur to us. One is that the common people of South Carolina are growing restive under existing environments, and have come to realize that they have nothing to expect in the way of a betterment of their condition from the oligarchy which has succeeded the old slave-holding aristocracy. The second reflection is that the Republican party has missed its opportunity in not allying itself with the awakening aspirations of the oppressed class, and seeking to organize them in support of a domestic policy looking to their elevation in intelligence and the promotion of their material interests. Instead of handing over that and other States to the rapacity of the Bourbons who have fed and fattened upon them, we should have carried on in every one of them campaigns of education, enlightening the people as to the real aims and principles of the party, and contributing in every way possible to the creation of a sound public sentiment as to matters of purely State concern. Had that been done, we would be infinitely stronger in all of these States than we are to-day; in some of them, indeed, we would be in control, to the undoubted advantage of their people and the country at large. It ought not to be too late, even now, to abandon a policy which has proved itself inadequate and unsatisfactory, and seek, by appeasing antagonisms which no longer have any justification in existing facts, to build up in the Southern States, on a basis of popular confidence and sympathy, a coherent party which shall secure the rights and interests of all the people without doing violence to any.

## Greenland as a Summer Resort.



It appears that our old conceptions of Greenland, which have been in vogue so many years, must now be overhauled and altered to suit the modern style of thought. Here is Dr. Cook, of Brooklyn, who was surgeon of Lieutenant

Peary's Arctic expedition of 1891-2, and ought to know something about Greenland, coming out with the announcement that the country notorious in tales of starvation and shipwreck, the country whereof the very name upon a dog-day was once a chilling thing to think of—that country Dr. Cook declares is just the place for a summer resort. He says he has made arrangements to take one hundred pleasure-seekers thither this summer. Furthermore, he promises that his party shall inspect the scenes of the adventures of Kane, Hayes, and Greeley, and visit in its headquarters a real Arctic exploring expedition—that of Lieutenant Peary.

Set forth in cold print, the plan of opening Greenland as a summer resort is for a moment surprising; but whoever has read the narratives of late explorers must have been aware that the country was coming to something like this. It has long been known that at a certain season each year the coast of Greenland up to the seventy-eighth parallel is as easily accessible as the coast of Norway or of Alaska. As far north as Upernivik it is free of dangerous ice nearly all summer, and in July the pack in Melville Bay, dreaded by Arctic navigators, breaks up and floats south, leaving a clear passage across the east side of the bay to Cape York. Between Cape York and Smith's Sound is the so-called "North Water," open even in early spring. For two months, from the middle of July to the middle of September, a steamship may cruise along the sea-wall of Greenland for upward of fifteen hundred miles without risk. And there appears to be no reason why its passengers need be unhappy. Recent Arctic books have been tales, not of starvation and danger, but of comfort, health, and pleasure. Dr. Nansen, after his hard sledge journey is over, lies for days on the grass and revels in berries and basks in the sunlight. Professor Heilprin leads two expeditions to McCormick Bay, one to carry Lieutenant Peary there, the other to bring him back; both expeditions are jolly summer scientific excursions. Mrs. Peary spends one happy year on the shores of McCormick Bay, and returns to Bowdoin Bay, near by, for another. No one complains of suffering. In winter, of course, the temperature is low everywhere. In summer, it is low a hundred miles inland from the coast, upon the great snow desert, but near the sea and upon it the weather is delightful. Every one praises its warmth and its healthfulness. Nansen goes so far as to assert that the remarkable fascination which, as is well known, the Arctic regions have for every one who has visited them, is due chiefly to the invigorating quality of the air. "The Arctic is the most healthful zone in the world," he says to a reporter.

If this view of the situation is the right one, if Greenland is a spot which one may visit without suffering, then undoubtedly it holds forth unique attractions to the pleasure-seeker. Not only are there historic spots to be seen, mountains and glaciers to be ascended, icebergs to be photographed, all by the light of the midnight sun, but also there is a tribe of aborigines to be inspected—perhaps the most ancient people in the world—"gentle salvages" untainted by contact with civilization, unaware that it is nicer to cook your meat and to bathe, ignorant of the commodity called money. They cannot fail to be charming to



the lover of human nature unadorned. Then there are incongruous things to be done; one may mould a snowman and pick flowers near by to weave him a wreath. Think of the novelty of eating picnic lunches without bugs! Fancy taking the ice-cream freezer canoeing with you, making fast out in the bay to an ice-floe, chopping off as much of it, ready-salted, as you need, and making ice-cream with an Esquimaux to turn the crank. The industrious maiden who does fancy work may collect, instead of pine balsam, eider down wherewith to fill her sofa-cushions. The raconteur may wander off at some point from his companions and be qualified truthfully to say upon his return home: "Yes, sir; this foot has rested on soil that no man ever trod but me."

After all, the wonder is not that Greenland is being considered as a land suitable for a summer resort, but that it has not been for years running as a full-fledged watering-place, with an elephant, a carousel, and a plank walk. It must have been just as delightful in the days of early explorers as it is now. Undoubtedly, however, they were deterred from proclaiming its merits by the reports of disaster which came home with every expedition—disaster due almost entirely to man's ignorance of conditions in Arctic waters. Dr. Cook's excursion, if it turn out successful—and there appears no reason for doubting its success—will mark the beginning of an important epoch in the history of Greenland above Cape York; the epoch wherein civilization begins to put to use the territory which pioneers have cleared for it.

### Electricity as a Carrier.



HE coming year will witness a practical test of electricity as a motive force in hauling freight. What will probably be the most extensive electric road in the world is to be built at

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The Pittsburg and Mansfield Railway Company has secured a charter giving privileges as broad as are enjoyed by any steam line in the Keystone State, and whenever the right of way into the city is settled, construction will be begun. There are seemingly insurmountable difficulties to be overcome, but the chief engineer, who has built a bridge across an arm of the sea in Australia, and other notable works, is sanguine of success. A bridge one hundred and fifty feet above the high-water line and two thousand two hundred feet long must be constructed across the Monongahela River near its junction with the Alleghany. One approach is planned to start in the heart of the business portion of the city, and upon the opposite side of the river a tunnel will enter Mt. Washington midway from foot to summit, emerging on a grade one-third of a mile distant. The road will drain a broad and fertile territory hitherto accessible only by means of unsafe and tedious inclines.

When complete there will be from twenty to forty miles of double-track road. No motor of less than thirty-horse power will be used—another departure from the usual custom of electric railroading. Passenger cars, which will also be run, are to be of the heaviest type, and taken at an express-train gait. They will be vestibuled, and have as many conveniences as are to be found on steam lines. The arrangements for carrying freight and market gardening to supply the half-million population of Pittsburg and Alleghany will be revolutionized. The first mile of road will cost six hundred thousand dollars, but it is not expected that the capital stock will exceed a million and a half.

In London, the utilization of electricity as a carrier is to be attempted in another form—that of an electric parcels van similar to those usually drawn by horses. The carriage which has been in experimental use, as described by the *Spectator*, "looks like an ordinary two-horse van without shafts; it is worked by accumulators which will drive it for fifty miles without recharge, and it can go any speed up to ten miles an hour. The steering is easy, and the inside is lighted by two electric lamps. The cost is said to be half that of a horse-van of the same size and power." If the experiments now in progress shall justify present expectations it is easy to see that important results will follow. Horses will disappear from the streets, and locomotion and the transportation of light express matter will depend upon electricity. It is by no means impossible that within a decade or two every great mercantile establishment will have its own electric vans for the delivery of goods at the doors of purchasers. What has already been accomplished in the application of electricity to practical uses warrants a belief that it may yet be utilized in ways and forms even more valuable and remarkable.

### The Drift of Public Sentiment.

THE recent elections in Ohio show the same drift of public sentiment which has been so strikingly manifested in the elections in this State. Almost everywhere the Republicans achieved notable victories. In some of the populous centres their gains greatly exceeded all expectation. Thus in Cincinnati, with an increased vote of eight thousand over that polled one year ago, the Republican

ticket was elected by a majority of nearly seven thousand. In Columbus the Republicans elected their mayor by a plurality of over three thousand, being a gain of two thousand on McKinley's majority last fall, and secured an increased majority in the city council and board of education. An incident of the election, which reveals the strength of the A. P. A. organization, was the defeat of a Catholic candidate for magistrate by nearly five thousand votes. In Cleveland, which went Democratic in 1892, and last spring elected a Democratic mayor, the Republicans won in the late election by majorities ranging from three thousand to five thousand. In all the leading towns in the southern part of the State where party lines were drawn, equally significant victories were achieved. In other parts of the country the Democracy appear to have been overtaken by similar misfortunes. In the town elections in Michigan the Republicans swept everything before them. In Illinois they made heavy gains. In Hartford, Connecticut, they elected all their nominees with one exception, securing control of both the executive and legislative departments of the government. In Stamford, in the same State, there was a Republican landslide. But the most significant victory of all was that achieved in Rhode Island, where the Republican State ticket was elected by a plurality of over six thousand, and the same party carried the Legislature overwhelmingly, the Democrats securing only five out of one hundred and eight members. It was a veritable Waterloo for the Democracy. There is no mistaking the meaning of these results. Democratic folly and infidelity to its pledges and to the public interests have alienated the people, and they turn everywhere to the party which offers them the only hope of deliverance from misgovernment.

### Combining Against Cholera.



EARLY all the great cholera visitations which have scourged the world have had their origin in Asia. Most of them have started in India, where, as in the Indian Archipelago, epidemics have occurred at various times for centuries. The terrible visitation of 1817, which spread over most of British India, and thence made its way to India, Ceylon and others of the Indian islands, ultimately invading China on the east and Persia on the west, causing immense loss of life, had its start in Bengal. The outbreak of 1830, which ravaged Asiatic countries as well as the northern and central parts of Europe and spread onward to England, afterward crossing the Atlantic, and the epidemics of 1841 and 1847, which devastated Europe and also reached this country, were also of Asiatic origin. It is within the knowledge of all that the epidemics of more recent years have all had a similar source.

For half a century or more scientific investigation has been directed to the study of the nature of cholera, the conditions favoring its propagation, and the best means of counteracting and arresting it. As the result of this study and investigation it is now established that the ravages of the disease can be largely diminished, if not effectually restrained, by thorough disinfection and rigid quarantine. This has led to the adoption in most European countries, as well as our own, of systematic quarantine regulations, combined with the enforcement of sanitary methods, municipal and national. It has been obvious, however, that the measures of prevention should be applied more definitely and vigorously at the sources of the plague, and this conviction has just now found embodiment in the formulation, by the International Sanitary Convention in Paris, of a code of regulations which, if honestly enforced, must prove of immense benefit to mankind.

The code in question aims primarily at the control of the disease at its sources. The pilgrimages to Mecca have always been a main means of its distribution. It is accordingly provided that all ships carrying pilgrims for Mecca from ports in India must undergo medical inspection, carry an adequate supply of wholesome drinking water, and submit to quarantine as occasion may demand. The pilgrims themselves must be inspected before embarking, and all vessels must provide ample space for each person, the allotment being exactly defined by the terms of the convention. This convention provides, also, for the reorganization of the Turkish lazarettos on the Red Sea, and it is hoped that as a result of the appeals of the conference the whole Turkish sanitary administration will be so reconstructed as to prevent the introduction of cholera into Europe by land. Generally speaking, it is believed that, if the decisions and recommendations agreed upon shall be faithfully carried out by the governments which have assented to them, the importation of cholera into European countries will be almost entirely checked, while as to the United States, its importation will be impossible. Doubtless a vast deal of ignorance and prejudice is yet to be overcome in some of the countries which have been for ages hot-beds of plague and pestilence, but we may hope that with growing enlightenment the day will come—perhaps it is nearer than we suspect—when practically all the nations of the world will be banded in a sanitary confederacy for the protection of human life against the cholera scourge.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

PRINCE BISMARCK, brusque and stern as he is, has not forgotten the art of courtly speech. This was well illustrated in his recent address to a committee of women who waited upon him on his birthday, when he paid this graceful tribute to woman's influence as a factor in the state: "The idea of united imperial Germany," he said, "having once gained the support of German women and German homes, must become indestructible. I recognize in the homely traditions of German mothers and housewives a stronger and more trustworthy guarantee of our political future than any walls or cannon of our fortresses." The truth here stated is of universal application. The security of social order and the strongest defense of the commonwealth are found in the virtue and intelligence of wives and mothers. No public evil can long endure that is understood and antagonized in the homes of the people.

CONGRESS is entitled to the thanks of the country for its prompt action on the bill to enforce and give effect to the recommendations of the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration for the preservation of the fur seal in Behring Sea. Its passage of the act by a substantially unanimous vote, with only such delay as was necessary to its intelligent consideration, stands in admirable contrast with the tardiness of the British Parliament in enacting the legislation proposed by the government. The practical result of the action taken by the two governments will be that a sixty-mile zone will be established about the Pribylov Islands, with a close season from May 1st to July 31st, and the prohibition of the use of nets, guns, explosives, or steam vessels in seal-fishing. Secretary Herbert has already ordered all the ships available for the purpose—some ten or twelve in number—to rendezvous at Port Townsend and Unalaska for patrol duty in the North Pacific Ocean and Behring Sea, and any poaching vessels found within the prescribed limits will be seized and sent to the nearest port for adjudication of their offense. The British patrol fleet, which will consist of five vessels, will co-operate in the protection of the seal herds as they move northward from the Pacific into the waters of Behring Sea.

THE recent labor disturbances in the coke regions of Pennsylvania ought to convince the most obtuse that it is time to shut the doors in the face of the class of immigrants who were represented by the strikers. For years hordes of ignorant and brutal Poles, Slavs, and Hungarians have swarmed into these regions, driving out intelligent American workmen. With no conception of the responsibilities of citizenship or the decencies of civilized society, they seize the slenderest pretext for engaging in bloodshed and every imaginable atrocity. Repeatedly they have resorted to murder in vindication of their supposed rights, and there is no brutality of which they are not capable when they have once given free rein to their excitable and passionate natures. Experience has shown that they are untamable, and that their outbreaks cannot be prevented or restrained by the ordinary processes of law. The only way to deal with them is to apply the strong hand everywhere and on all occasions when the law is defied. Then the immigration laws should be so amended as to shut out absolutely immigrants of this class. It is worse than folly—it is a crime against the public order—to go on absorbing forever the worst elements of the lowest and vilest European populations. Let us have at once a positive reversal of the policy which has made possible the monstrous conditions which now exist in the heart of one of the oldest States of the Union.

It will be a lasting disgrace to the State if the instigators and perpetrators of the election outrages in Troy are permitted to escape. Their crimes against the suffrage and their organized conspiracies against good government are far more serious and dangerous than those of the Gravesend criminals who have just been visited with the penalties of the law. These Gravesend offenders were for the most part persons of a low order of intelligence, the product of vicious surroundings—representatives of a community practically destitute of any moral sense. But the men who are responsible for the Troy infamy—who have built up and profited by the iniquitous practices of the ruling despotism—are intelligent and responsible; they are, in point of social standing, vastly superior to the McKanes and Newtons of Gravesend, and they are the more guilty because, while their influence would be potential on the side of law and order, they have used it to break down the muniments of society and destroy the foundations of the State. Permitted to go unpunished, occupying the attitude they do toward orderly government in the community, they will become even more its masters for all unrighteous ends than they are to-day. Every consideration of the public safety demands that these men, Murphy and all the rest, high and low alike, should be brought to book, no matter at what cost of money, time, or effort. The State looks to the law-abiding citizens of Troy to fight out this battle for honest government, and exterminate the murderous Murphy gang, whether it takes one year or a dozen to do it.





ELIJAH TAHOMET.



CHIEF KA HUY DOE (GEORGE KEY.)



CHIEF ISAAC HILL.



STANLEY EAGLEFEATHER.

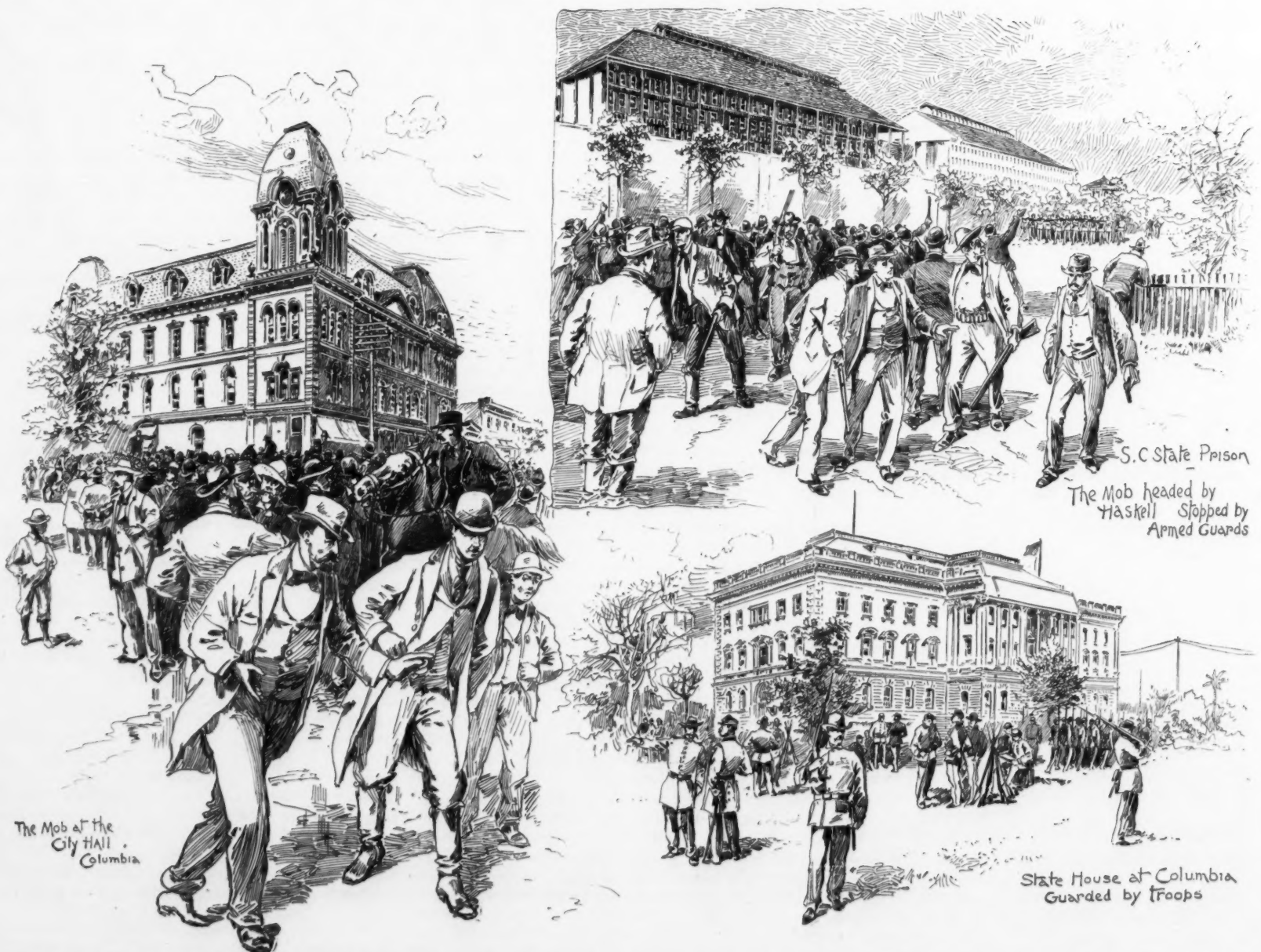


CHIEF JOHN SANDY.



GENERAL ELY S. PARKER.

THE INDIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 250.]



The Mob at the  
City Hall  
Columbia.

S.C. State Prison  
The Mob headed by  
Haskell Stopped by  
Armed Guards

State House at Columbia  
Guarded by troops

THE RECENT LIQUOR-LAW DISTURBANCES IN COLUMBIA, CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 262]





NO. 246—GRAY SUNDOWN. J. FRANCIS MURPHY, N. A.



NO. 10—A WINTER WALK. FRANCIS DAY.



NO. 112—A VIRGINIA MORNING. B. WEST CLINEDINST.



NO. 288—SUMMER. H. BOLTON JONES, N. A.



NO. 194—NEW ENGLAND COAST. M. F. H. DE HAAS, N. A.





### Ballade of Neophobia.

I'm cross as any patch  
When bothers come too thick;  
New pens that blot and catch;  
New gloves that tear and stick;  
New hose that cling and prick;  
New wool that scrapes and stings;  
New fashions, smart and chic.  
A plague on all new things!

New candles, touched by match,  
Flare up with futile wick;  
New towels chafe and scratch;  
New shoes give toes a crick;  
New soap, as square as brick,  
Our palms indents and wrings;  
New hobbies bolt and kick.  
A plague on all new things!

New schemes that thinkers hatch  
Die like an early chick;  
New friends that lift my latch  
Are all too dull or quick;  
New critics carp and pick  
At every song one sings;  
New sweethearts tease and trick.  
A plague on all new things!

ENVOY.

Prince Lucifer! Old Nick!  
Whose hand these changes rings,  
Thy whimsies make me sick.  
A plague on all new things!

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## FOR LIFE.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

"O course you will come to dinner to-morrow night, Fred," remarked Miss Lawton, "and we can have a talk before we go out and let the world know of our engagement."

"All right, dear," he answered, smiling down into her eyes; "only we can't tell the world how happy we are."

Miss Lawton shrugged her shoulders slightly, with a deprecating smile, and withdrew her hand from the clasp of the young man. He started, then nodded, and with another good-night threw open the door and went out into the street.

"Dear me," thought Elise Lawton as she went up-stairs, "I do wish he wouldn't stop in the hall to say good-bye—but I suppose it serves me right for coming to the door with him. Poor Fred!"

He was walking slowly down Fifth Avenue at that moment, oblivious to the world around him. For a long time Frederick Wharton had been first on the list of eligible men. Mothers had sought him and daughters had smiled upon him, and at that moment no one knew him to be engaged to Elise Lawton, save their immediate families. He had just given her the ring that night, and for the second time poured out the story of his love. She had not been particularly responsive, even when he had proposed to her, but that was her nature, thought Wharton, and it was sufficient that she received his worship. That bright night he could scarcely realize his fortune, for Frederick Wharton still retained his boyish enthusiasm and was singularly free from guile. He was twenty-four; Miss Lawton, it was whispered, a year or two older, but that did not disturb the young man. He had wooed her during the past summer with an impetuosity that she had not been able to resist, and she did not really see any need for resistance, as Wharton was a man of family and money and sound common-sense. She was inclined to laugh at him a little, for he still kept his ideals and had not thrust them into a corner of his heart to be brought forth and dusted when occasion required. Wharton's ideals were real—Elise Lawton the embodiment of them. The young man recognized the existence of wickedness and wrong, but he was not willing to acknowledge the death or disability of goodness, and was inclined to believe that the latter predominated. And he regarded himself favored

of mortals in winning the love of Elise, as he could henceforth call her.

Never more enthusiastic lover trod the pavement; never lover breathed who less understood the girl he loved. But there was no one to deceive him, and he pursued his rose-strewn path. Electric lights and gas-lamps are apt to glow with purple and yellow-white flames, but that night they cast a rose-light along the way. Wharton in his happiness did not think or care to stop and analyze this phenomenon; sufficient it was that he loved and that all things were in harmony with his thought. It was a very beautiful world, though of stone and brick, fair to look upon. At the moment he did not see the grinning skeletons of misery crouching in the dark corners—there were, in fact, no dark corners. Lightly as though he walked on clouds, drawing in full breaths of the sweet air, Wharton slowly went down the avenue. He did not know that he lived at that hour the happiest time of man's life—an hour never to be repeated or recalled. Men do not realize that until afterward, for the realization could add no joys to the perfect time, and there is that once when no cloud or doubt disturbs the present or the future. Wharton's tall figure, his head thrown back, arms swinging carelessly at his side, and light, easy step attracted many people, but he did not see the glances bestowed upon him. He was absolutely unconscious of the people about him, and he passed without a glance of recognition several friends, and one man in particular whom he would have preferred to salute, if he cut his list of acquaintances by so doing. That man was Murphy, the driver of a cab which Wharton sometimes patronized at night, when it was too dark to be particular as far as steed and vehicle went. Murphy was standing on the curb and looked straight at him—but Wharton passed him by, and if he had known it the young man would have been much more grieved than Murphy was, who, to excuse his patron, muttered, "It's dom dark," addressing the remark to his horse. The beast, looking as though he had been in storage for some time without sufficient protection against moths, wagged one ear, and his master was satisfied that he understood. Thus Wharton was granted absolution for his one error during the happy hour.

Wharton's thoughts ran ahead into coming days, and he anticipated fate. They—he and Elise—would, of course, be married at Trinity

Chapel, on a Thursday, too, so they could take the Saturday steamer abroad. There were two things which Wharton had often vowed he would do on his wedding-tour. One was to spend a fortnight on the Nile and dream away the days; the other was to visit the Black Forest, or Hartz Mountains, he wasn't sure which, and breathe in some of the old romance of Undines and Kobolds. The German legends appealed strongly to the young man, and he wished to spend his days of romance in the land of fable. He hadn't consulted Elise about this—he really had not had time, for he had kissed her for the first time only that day—but he had a wild idea that what he liked she would also care for, as he knew her tastes would be his. He laughed lightly out of sheer happiness and wondered what society would say. Not that he cared for the gossip of society, but he thought he knew the ways of the world and felt that Elise would be generally pitied, in which, however, he was wrong, for the verdict rendered by those who knew and understood was entirely different. How the world would talk, anyway!

He was crossing Broadway, and stopped to let a cab pass, when he heard a cry of warning, a cry that was taken up by a dozen people. There was the ringing of a bell, then a glare, a glaze of light, and everything was distorted—after which darkness came.

A crowd gathered at the crossing. The motor-man on the car vehemently disclaimed all responsibility for the accident as the police led him off. The crowd pressed about the still figure, asking the most foolish questions, which no one was able to answer. A couple of policemen kept waving their hands in order to keep the people back; two men pressed through the crowd and spoke to the police—one was a doctor, who bent over the form, and the other a reporter, who took out his note-book and wanted to know all about it.

The street-cars were lined up on either side—the crowd kept increasing, and afar off was heard the clang of the ambulance bell. Then it came clattering up. The important surgeon jumped down, looked at the victim, spoke to the volunteer doctor; then the still unconscious figure was lifted and placed on the cushions. The bell clanged and the excitement was over.

"Come now, move on," suggested the policemen, and the crowd obeyed.

### II.

EVERY one read the account in the morning paper, thanks to the reporter. There were several accounts of it in the different sheets, but they all agreed that the young man was fatally injured. He had not recovered consciousness when the papers had gone to press, and there was no hope for his recovery; all the doctors had said so. It was a prominent case, and the papers gave it the full benefit of space—but not one mentioned the fact of his engagement, for the world was not aware of that. Everything else, however, that could be told was repeated in type, and Frederick Wharton was made out to be a very fine fellow—because he belonged to five clubs and had a good income, a colonial governor for an ancestor, and no particular enemies. The papers failed to state, nevertheless, why he was a fine fellow.

Mr Lawton saw the account before Elise came down to breakfast, and he hurried around the corner to make use of the telephone.

Elise had not read the papers when her father returned, and it became his duty to break the news.

"Oh—my dear," began Mr. Lawton, "don't be alarmed; but Fred met with an accident last night. He—he—now do be calm—he was knocked down by a car and taken to the hospital. I have just communicated with the surgeon by telephone. He says Fred is conscious and will be able to see you later in the day. I explained how matters stood, and how Fred's family were all abroad, so you can go down later."

Miss Lawton listened with white, set face. It was very shocking to have a real tragedy thrust upon her in this way, but she would not faint.

"Have you got a paper?" she asked, very calm, very white.

She took the paper handed to her by her father and rose from the table.

"I do not care for any more breakfast," she said. "I have eaten something," and she went to her room, locking the door behind her.

No one ever fully understood Elise Lawton. She was a charming girl to take in to dinner, to sit out a dance with, or to meet at a tea. She always said something you could remember, and never lost her head over popular fads. She was strong-minded enough to stay away from the Thanksgiving foot-ball match, because she said it would tire her and was not half so

exciting as a bull-fight she saw down in Andalusia. She confessed to rather liking the bull-fight. You never felt called upon to sympathize with her or to pity her. She had that reliant character that seems able to give up or cast away anything which offends or is unnecessary.

It is difficult to describe a girl so different from the generality of her sex that she seems almost the single exception to the rule of sweet and gentle womanhood. It was hard to become acquainted with her, and hard to understand her motives after you knew her. Elise Lawton might have loved at some time—but she never had loved, and did not really love, Frederick Wharton. She could not apply Mrs. Browning's test,

"Unless you can say when left by one  
That all men else go with him,"

and still be honest in her profession. But as far as she was capable of judging, being a skeptic in matters of everlasting love, she could say she loved Wharton—and she undoubtedly did, according to her narrow light. Yet she loved herself more, and could have bade the young man good-bye, without the least inconvenience to conscience or appetite.

The news of the accident to her fiancée, however, was a shock more or less disturbing, and to read that he could not survive truly pained her. She was surprised at the feeling, and she grew very thoughtful and sad as she recalled all the attentions and hopes of the stricken man. He seemed to be nearer to her than ever before. She heard his outburst of passionate love as he begged her to consider his suit. Her place, plainly, was at his bedside. She did not know how long he might live, but he should die with her hand in his. Why should she not wed him before he died? There were a number of reasons in favor of that idea. It would certainly make his last hours happier, and though the world might regard it as a bit of pure romance, yet it would make little difference to her. It would necessitate a period of mourning, but Elise had reached that age when seclusion for a time from society was not an unmixed evil. She blushed violently as the thought came to her, and then she said it would be a proper sacrifice to make for the man who loved her. That was the thing—a sacrifice for the man who loved her. No one could accuse her of any mercenary ideas, for she had sufficient money of her own—no one who knew her would ever believe in her acting a part for love's romance—but to sacrifice herself for the sake of the man who worshiped her would seem to be in keeping with her character; and though the world of society might throw love's rose-light on the picture for the sake of the outer world, those who knew her would understand. She arrived at this conclusion after due consideration, and decided to act her part.

She was cold and white as she went down to the carriage accompanied by her maid. She lay back thinking the whole idea over as the carriage rattled over the stones, and she alighted at the hospital as white and rigid as a statue. She had persuaded herself by that time that she was not acting. She was afraid the end might come before her part was done.

Ushered up the wide stairs by an attendant, she was met in the hall by a sweet, white-capped nurse.

"You wish to see Mr. Wharton?" was asked.

"Yes," answered Elise, with white lips.

"How—how is he?"

"Very much easier," was the reply. "This is his room; go right in."

The maid took a seat on a settee in the hall, and the nurse closed the door half-way so that nothing inside the room could be seen.

The young giant lay on his back, and over and across the bed were queer steel frames. As Elise stepped softly out from behind the screen that shut off the draught at the door the great blue eyes opened, and then the patient sweetly smiled.

"Elise," he murmured, as though doubting his sight.

She knelt beside him and took one of his great hands in hers, from which she had removed the gloves.

"It is so awful, Fred," she whispered. "I have been so miserable."

"It is done now," he answered, painfully, "and there's no help. It was very good in you to come."

"Why, dear," she smiled, "did you doubt my coming?"

"No," he replied, with an effort; "but I almost hoped you might not—for now my dream is done."

"Dear," was her response, pressing his hand to her lips.

"No one need know of our engagement," he continued, "and you can think of me as—"



"But the world shall know," whispered the girl, bending nearer to him. "The world shall know of our love—for we cannot put it away if we would. Think you that I would desert you? I am yours alone. We will have the chaplain in here and he will make us one."

The eyes of the wounded man grew bright, and then they filled with tears.

"Do you know what it means, Elise?" he faltered. "Think of the future."

"I have," she answered, fiercely. "I have thought of it well. It will be dark and lonely for me without you, but one is loved but once."

"Dark—lonely," repeated the young man, slowly, as in a dream. "Yes—indeed—dark and lonely—"

"Fred," she cried, softly.

"You don't know what it means, my love," said he, turning his gaze full upon her. "It is worse than you imagine. The doctor says that I shall never walk again, but will live for years to come."

The girl started up and met his searching gaze. Knowledge and strength had come to him during those dark hours of pain.

"For—for years?" she gasped, her face distorted with an awful sudden terror, and with a sob she fell forward fainting.

Wharton looked for one moment at the black head resting on the bed beside him, and then with a deep sigh stretched forth his hand and pressed the electric button which hung by a string over his head. Somehow he understood better than he had the day before.

## NEW YORK CITY'S INDIAN COLONY.



MRS. HARRIET M. CONVERSE.

If one chances to drop into the little grocery store near the corner of Spring and Thompson streets almost any fine morning he will see among the patrons—who include Italians, Spaniards, French, negroes, Chinamen, and possibly a few persons to the manner born—from one to half a dozen women noticeable for their silence, their dignity of carriage, their piercing, hawk-like eyes, and their midnight hair. They wear dresses of bright colors. These dresses seem to trammel them, for ever and anon an arm is stretched out with an apparently impatient clutching after freedom of movement. If you catch a glimpse of their feet you will see that they are oftener covered with moccasins than with shoes. Look at their features, and the question of race is decided. They are members of New York's highly interesting but little-known Indian colony.

Take a stroll late at night through the same locality—of which I have indicated the central part. Wait until the saloons are closed and comparative stillness has replaced light and glare and noise. Go leisurely, and listen for foot-falls. You can hear those of the belated citizen now and again echoing along the way, but the chances are nine out of ten that, not once but twice or thrice, you will be startled by a swift figure gliding past—a stalwart form with head forward, overcoat rarely buttoned but clutched close like the folds of a blanket, and with a loping movement of the limbs that is neither walk nor run. No sound records the impact of foot with pavement; like a ghost the shape approaches, passes, and is lost to view. He, also, is of the Indian colony, and may be hastening home from an artist's studio, a theatre, or a call on General Ely S. Parker or Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse.

Our aboriginal neighbors are not many in number, and, with few exceptions, their habits, like those of their ancestors, are migratory. The Splicers, the Pierces, the Tahometts, and the Schandoals can be reckoned among the steady residents, and the abode of the Pierces at 218 Spring Street is a sort of headquarters for the visiting Iroquois from the New York and Canadian reservations. Thither, and to the humble shelters of the others, also go, or are sent, wanderers from all parts of the United States, and in Spring Street or South Fifth Avenue from time to time may be seen representatives of the Apaches, of the Sioux, or of the civilized tribes that, as nations, are wealthy in the lands and herds of Indian Territory.

When I speak of red men being "sent" to the locality indicated, I have reference to a rather

simple yet complicated process. The police of New York know precisely how to deal with an Indian who can speak no English, or who—whether he can or cannot—has at any rate lost his way and finds himself confused by the rush and roar of the huge city. The unaccustomed visitor is never taken to the nearest station-house, but is at once piloted by a friendly officer to the famous headquarters at 300 Mulberry Street, where Superintendent Byrnes presides. Then one of the two persons already mentioned is notified—General Ely S. Parker or Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse. The general is supply clerk of the police department, was one of the chief officers in the engineer corps during the Civil War, and, as aid to General Grant, drew up the articles on which were based the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. He is an Indian of unmixed blood, and boasts descent from the rulers of the "Romans of America"—that wonderful confederacy of the Iroquois known to history as the Six Nations. He is now grand sachem and hereditary chief of the scattered remnants of his race, and his native name is Donehogawa. It may be noted in passing that a nephew of the general's, Mr. Frederick Parker, holds a responsible position in the auditor's department of the New York Central Railroad. He is a handsome young fellow, of fine education and irreproachable manners, and has in his veins a strain of the Caucasian, for he is the grand-nephew of Mrs. Asher Wright, who was a missionary among the Senecas for fifty-three years.

As for Mrs. Converse, the other refuge and comfort of the disconsolate aborigine, I hardly know what to say, because to say all would fill a book. She has done many things and has done them all well. Whittier and Tennyson have praised her rhymes, and the former's autograph letter is the introduction to her book of poems called "Sheaves." On her last visit to the Quaker bard, ten years ago this month, he welcomed her to the famous old parlor at Oak Knoll with the words: "See, thou hast brought the sunshine with thee, child," for, at the instant of their meeting the king of day burst through the clouds and flooded the apartment with golden light. But, for her literary achievements I fancy she cares less than for the fact that, although a woman of pure American descent, she, like General Parker, is a chief of the Iroquois. Her grandfather was adopted by the nation in 1792, and her father, Congressman Maxwell, in 1804. Her adoptive membership began in 1890, when, after being accepted as one of the family descended from Red Jacket, she was accorded high tribal honors by the Senecas. A year later she attained the rank of a chief of the confederated Six Nations, which comprise the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Tuscaroras. Since then she has achieved the distinction of being made a member of the "Secret Medicine Society," a religious order common to all North American Indians. Besides herself only one white person has penetrated thus far to the inner mysteries of aboriginal worship, that one being Lieutenant Cushing, who received his initiation among the Zunis of the Southwest.

Personally, Mrs. Converse is a graceful woman of small stature. In the South the phrase applicable to her would be "high-toned." Her profusion of hair, just tinged with gray, shades an intellectual forehead, her eyes sparkle with friendliness, her voice has that modulated distinctness which is a charm in itself, and her surroundings fascinate the visitor. Books, of course, there are; books almost without number, but they are dwarfed in importance by the presence of the largest array of Indian relics to be found anywhere in the world, including such things as the Seneca women's nominating belt (in the old days the females of the tribe elected the chief); the pardon belt of Louis XV., one

of the two exchanged between the commander of the king's army in Canada and the Seven Nations (the Chippewas then being allied with the Iroquois) as a guarantee that war should not be made on the Algonquins; over five hundred specimens of silver ornaments made by the red men, one being Red Jacket's masonic pin; wampum, in strings and belts, priceless to the antiquary and historian; medals given by the United States government to chiefs; tomahawks, scalp-locks, clubs, knives, flints, and so on. All these—the value of the collection is about twenty-five thousand dollars—soon go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a loan display, and, at a day let us trust far distant, will become the property of the Smithsonian Institution as a bequest.

So much by way of introduction to the chief guardians of New York's Indian colony—the soldier and the poetess. And now something about their wards, who first meet them at police headquarters. One of the more recent was the patriarch of the Spicer family. He is a Canadian Mohawk, and came from Quebec to visit his descendants. When he reached this city he had lost his written directions which would have enabled any one so disposed to show him the way to South Fifth Avenue, and all he could depend on was a picture of Mrs. Converse, beneath which was written her Indian name, Ya-ie-wa-noh. This he displayed without avail until he chanced to meet a policeman who took him the usual route to Mulberry Street, from whence, when his patron saint arrived, he had no difficulty in reaching the home of his relatives.

Another case was that of Louise Olcott and her little daughter Mary, who got as far from the St. Regis reservation as the Grand Central Depot, and there, tired, frightened, and friendless, went to sleep. Down at headquarters there was the usual summons for "the two chiefs," and after that all was well.

Again, there is the experience of Miss Patton, a dark-eyed Indian maiden of fourteen, one of the Quebec Caughnawagas, who came to town on the steamer *New Hampshire*, and whose attire of yellow-and-red plaid attracted much curious notice. She spoke a dialect not familiar to General Parker, but Mrs. Converse soon found out who she was and where she wanted to go, and within a few hours she was at the home of her father, Peter Patton, 954 Third Avenue, Brooklyn.

One more case will suffice for illustration of the way in which aid is afforded not only the Iroquois, but all other Indians. Stanley Eaglefeather is a Caddo from Anadarko, Indian Territory. He came East with a wild-west show, got stranded in Newark, and reached the home of Sarah Pierce, on Spring Street, destitute. She communicated with "the two chiefs," who obtained employment for him as an artist's model.

It is through such artists, by the way, as Da Costa Smith and E. W. Deming, who make a specialty of aboriginal studies, that the males of the New York Indian colony earn considerable money. Even more of a favorite with painters than Eaglefeather is Elijah Tahomet, whose permanent home is here. In his barbaric costume he is a splendid specimen of the savage. Several Canadian chiefs, when on visits to General Parker or to Mrs. Converse, whose house at 248 West Fifteenth Street is known as the "eastern door of the league," have at different times been sketched by eager artists, and pictures of some of them are herewith given. As for Grand Sachem Parker, his bust has recently been modeled by Sculptor James E. Kelly. He appears in the uniform of a brigadier-general of the United States Army.

The women of the Indian colony spend the winter in making beadwork—save Tahomet's handsome wife, who is an excellent model—and in summer they may be found, picturesquely arrayed, and shrewdly disposing of their wares at Eastern watering-places.

FRED C. DAYTON.

## Ruffians Who Ask Alms.

BEGGARS who rob are the newest menace to peaceful men in this city. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call them robbers who beg. As a rule even the most hardened professional beggar solaces himself by swearing softly at those who refuse him alms. He is too lazy to ply the sleep-producing sand-bag.

Of course no one will feel disposed to turn aside from every mendicant of the streets simply because violence has been done by ruffians who approach their victims under a pretense of asking aid. Indeed, it is an unfortunate thing for those whom want has driven to the pavement that robbers have thrust in among them, using poverty as a mask.

Nevertheless, it is well for every one to be

cautious when approached by a beggar at night.

If Judge Henry W. Bookstaver, of the Court of Common Pleas, had exercised more caution on his way home from dinner on a recent occasion he would not have suffered blows and robbery by a tramp, followed by gross affront at the hands of a policeman.

The judge had sat late at table with a number of enthusiastic and long-talking fishermen. He walked eastward through Twenty-seventh Street to catch a Fourth Avenue car. It was two o'clock in the morning. A sturdy fellow slouched out of the shadows opposite the north wall of Madison Square Garden and muttered something about money. Judge Bookstaver paid no heed to him. Two hours later a policeman found Judge Bookstaver wandering along Fifth Avenue near Forty-sixth Street. He was bare-headed, his face was bleeding from a severe cut, and his clothing was all awry. The policeman promptly concluded that here was a drunken man. That is the usual police solution of such problems. Lazard Cahn, a young mineralogist, who lives at No. 1045 Fifth Avenue, fared worse than Judge Bookstaver. He refused to give anything to a rough-looking, black-bearded beggar who hailed him in East Eighty-fourth Street at six o'clock in the evening. He said nothing that could have injured the feelings of the most sensitive highwayman. Yet the man stole up softly and plunged a dagger into Mr. Cahn's left cheek just as the young man was opening the door of his home. He entered the house conscious only of having felt a sharp blow. The adventure cost Mr. Cahn six teeth. Fortunately he was within the shelter of his home, so the police had no chance to declare that he was drunk. Of course they have not caught the ruffian.

Probably not one out of ten cases of assault by tramps is reported to the police. Chicagoans may feel a certain glow of pride in exploiting the number of sand-baggers that their city affords daily. New-Yorkers who have been attacked in the street hurry home and say nothing.

Major Moses P. Handy was aroused from a deep and peaceful evening reverie in the Hotel Waldorf some weeks ago by an insistent demand for five dollars. The pleader was tall and thin and blonde, and his volubility was startling even to the late chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion at the Chicago fair. Major Handy declined to be relieved of five dollars, whereupon the thin young man abused his victim so fiercely that he imagined himself at a Clover Club dinner. The hotel detective grappled with the beggar, who called himself Harry L. Springs, and next day succeeded in having him sent to Blackwell's Island. He had threatened many other dwellers in Fifth Avenue.

Similar instances of ruffianly beggary might be related here. For example, the police have special orders to keep tramps away from the bridges crossing the New York Central Railroad tracks just above the Grand Central Station. Many complaints were made that the tramps "held up" late wayfarers with painful regularity.

Two cases of highway robbery recently reported show that armed guards are as necessary in Fifth Avenue omnibuses as they ever were upon the Deadwood stage-coach. Mrs. Theodore L. Pomeroy, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, entered a Fifth Avenue bus with half a dozen other passengers at a quarter to eleven o'clock in the morning. She was left alone between Seventeenth and Sixteenth streets with a youngish man, distinguished only by a choppy red beard and a white patch under his right eye. Two policemen were in plain sight less than one hundred yards away, yet the fellow whipped out a revolver, thrust it in Mrs. Pomeroy's face, seized her pocket-book, and fled through Seventeenth Street. He has not been heard of since. Neither has the "tall, handsomely-dressed" man who on Washington's Birthday calmly picked up an alligator bag belonging to John F. Ferguson, of Boston. The thief got down at Fortieth Street, told the driver to go ahead, and was off like a rocket. In spite of Mr. Ferguson's furious tugs at the strap the idiotic driver refused to stop or let the bus door be opened until the rumbling old carryall had come to Thirty-ninth Street. By that time Mr. Ferguson was hopelessly out of the race with the thief.

Footpads have always lurked in the dark places of cities. It is not probable that their number has been augmented by the prevailing business depression. Rather it is likely that they use a pretense of beggary as a good ambush from which to stalk their prey. Let no man refuse alms and hurry on because he fears the beggar before him may have a sinister motive and a bludgeon. It is safer to avoid the shadows and to give the asked-for aid in some well-lighted part of the street.

WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.





DINNER-HOUR ON THE ROAD—HORSES FEEDING.



COXEY AND HIS COLORED DRIVER.



THE ARMY ON THE MARCH TO ALLEGHANY—GREETED BY FEMALE SYMPATHIZERS.



SHAVING DURING A HALT ON THE ROAD.



ON THE MARCH, JUST OUTSIDE OF ALLEGHANY—A CHIEF



ONE OF COXEY'S WAGONS WITH "PROVERBS."



"WEARY" ILER ON CARL BROWNE'S PANORAMA WAGON.

OUR ARTIST WITH COXEY'S "ARMY OF THE COMMONWEAL" ON ITS MARCH TO WASHINGTON, D. C.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT





JESSE COXEY TALKING WITH CARL BROWNE.



"UNKNOWN" SMITH, ON HIS STALLION, ADDRESSING PEOPLE ON THE MONONGAHELA WHARF, PITTSBURG.



—A CHICAGO REPORTER ON HORSEBACK.



CARL BROWNE ADDRESSING A MASS-MEETING ON THE MONONGAHELA WHARF, PITTSBURG.



CARL BROWNE ADDRESSING THE ARMY BEFORE LEAVING THE PITTSBURG BALL-GROUNDS.



BICYCLE ESCORT INTO BELLEVUE, PENNSYLVANIA.



TRYING TO CLEAN UP—PITTSBURG BASE-BALL GROUNDS.



## Our Artist with Coxey's Army.

THE army was met ten miles from Alleghany City, in a country that a landscape artist would delight to roam in, with rugged hills and dense woods on every side. The first view showed the straggling procession a half-mile away, down in the valley, the American flag showing plainly at the head, then the men, and last the wagons which carried the food, tents, and other belongings. A school of boys and girls in Avalon had been closed for the noonday lunch, and the noise and prattle of busy tongues lent confusion to the scene. The crowd here was only a forerunner of what came afterward in the next few miles. Boys and girls in trees, fathers and mothers grouped on the lawns with their families around them, often with babies carried in arms, were met everywhere. The dusty roadway was alive with boys running to and fro, and with bicycles. The conversation among the elderly folk was full of banter. "Well, Mrs. —, I am surprised to see you way down here; are you going to join the army?" The answer was invariably "Yes." Now the piping voice of some small boy would cry, "Here's Coxey; look out or he'll eat you," and then a scattering would follow, creating uproarious laughter.

At last the flag of the coming army was seen at a bend of the road, being carried by Jasper Johnson, the colored color-bearer, alongside of whom marched "Bunker Hill," wrapped about with a cheap American flag. Then followed Colonel Browne upon a white stallion, Jesse Coxey upon a bay, then the unknown "Smith" upon a magnificent hackney, who pranced around as though he was in a riding-academy. Then came a few marshals of the army, and at last Coxey, riding in a carriage behind two black Western horses driven by a colored boy asleep. The snap of the camera awoke him, at which Coxey laughed in a good-natured manner. Hats were waved, and shouts of "Good boy, Coxey," "Hello, Brownell" and "Three cheers for the Unknown," were heard as the army slowly moved along. The men behind Coxey marched in files of two. For them there was not a word or cheer—only jeers as a rule. The cheers were all reserved for the "big three."

Disappointment was written upon every spectator's face. It was only natural; the dust was flying in clouds, blinding some and causing distress to spectators as well as the army, the discomfort being increased as the army neared Alleghany and the crowds swelled in numbers. The men were ragged and dirty, but extremely cheerful, jokes being cracked at the camera. "Take me," "take me," and "don't shoot that off," and other remarks, followed every step of the camera's journey.

At last the men reached Bellevue and went down the valley, where a halt was ordered for dinner. The spot chosen was in a hollow, deserted oil wells being as numerous as bicycles. Everything was greasy with oil; the water tasted of it; the foot sunk in the mud and came up waterproof. The army's shoes had holes in them as a rule, and, of course, the remark doesn't apply to them.

The work of shaving each other followed, with the washing of faces and hands and drying with handkerchiefs. Then a line was formed, the food was brought in boxes and bags from the commissary's wagon and distributed. After that the men drifted about the hollow doing as they pleased, drinking muddy water and taking a bite of the bread every time the cup or tin can was passed to the lips. The first complaint the artist heard was from Jasper Johnson, who said: "Well, I wouldn't of stayed to camp if I'd known this was all the grub they was going to give us—two slices of bread and a chunk of fat; 'tain't fit to eat. What do they take a man for?" The rest of the men had little to say, except to speak of the camera chasing around the camp, one poor fellow coming up and asking for a picture and tendering a dime in payment. Upon being told he would see his picture in the WEEKLY when he arrived in Washington, he asked that a copy might be sent him; he wanted his wife to see it.

In a talk with the men the artist found some intelligent, and some, of course, otherwise. One young man said he supposed there would be a fight at Washington when they got there, but he didn't care; he'd fight.

The question of the day, non-interest-bearing bonds, seemed to be understood by few; but the question of food was apparently within the comprehension of all.

After a two hours' rest the bugler blew his fish-horn, as every small boy called it; then the "Unknown" gave his orders, and the men moved forward on their journey to Alleghany. The

hills were black with people; the houses along the route were crowded with spectators, five or six in every window; the lumber yards and, in fact, every available point were occupied by a mad crowd of sightseers. Every one helped to swell the uproar, two bands being in the van, and both out of tune to a very alarming extent. Hats were waved in salutes to the "big three," and they were constantly waving theirs. The march was a roundabout one, through streets that had stores and signs of all descriptions bearing Coxey's name. One butcher-shop displayed a large bologna hanging on a hook with the name Coxey upon it; this the commissary's wagon bore away with cheers from the spectators.

Exposition Park was reached at last. Here tents were put up in quick order and straw thrown about for beds. Then the cooking utensils followed, fires were started, supper was prepared and eaten by the men, the leaders going to one of the hotels, and some thirty of the rank and file went to the police-station for lodging. Disputes between the leaders and the proprietors of Exposition Park were numerous, and the army had the worst of it in each encounter.

An admission fee was charged, and the park was soon crowded. The sight of one colored man sleeping upon a board was worth the price of admission. It seems he could only sleep when sitting upright, and as every now and then he lost his balance he tumbled over backward, only to awaken and resume his sitting posture as though he had been shot out of a gun. He was the object of universal merriment.

The next day the artist had dinner with the leaders and found them gentlemanly and quiet-spoken men. Coxey, with his eye-glasses, is the last man one would take for a reformer. Browne speaks quietly and finds great amusement in "hitting off" the police. Smith speaks slowly in conversation, but quickly in giving his commands. He acts in a peculiar manner, and as a rule has to be spoken to first. He is the "mystery" of the army, and he appears to like it. Jesse Coxey, wearing a military-school suit, is a young fellow of bright parts.

The artist was treated with great kindness and shown every courtesy that was possible, and at a time when the representatives of the daily newspapers were treated with as little respect as the leaders could possibly show them.

While the leaders made speeches before five thousand people upon the Monongahela wharf in Pittsburg, the army stayed in camp and washed their garments, using hot water and soap, and drying the garments in the sun and by the fires, exposed the while to a bitterly cold wind, which swept across the base-ball diamond into their corner of the park. One row of men in the tent was being shaved, a young boy with a tin can holding lather and brush doing his part of the work, and a man following with a razor, shaving each one in turn. One member of the army who knew something of dentistry was busy pulling aching teeth. By way of diversion, a ball game was started, and some of the army looked on with interest, but a great many others fell asleep.

A dark, dismal morning saw the breaking up of camp. A great many of the army had new shoes, a Pittsburg firm being the donors. Six new traveling signs were added, the "ad." in exchange for the shoes reading: "We wear 'Kaufman's' Coxey shoe."

The march through Alleghany, escorted by the police, was noisy. The police fell out at the entrance to Union bridge and the army marched over to Pittsburg, where great crowds of people saw the procession from the large stores, lining windows, roofs, and the sidewalks. The welcome was of the usual sort. The only thing that happened out of the ordinary was when two brass bands of colored players, advertising different theatrical plays, came together, with the army band a street away, all playing different airs. The army passed over the bridge to Monongahela and slowly faded away in the dark atmosphere upon the dreary march to Washington.

Three of the men, "the color-bearer and his dog," Dr. Kirkland, the cyclone prophet, and "Weary," have found a dime museum and are exhibited as freaks. The artist saw them and heard the prophet speak, but was not edified by what he heard.

## The South Carolina Affair.

We have commented editorially on the recent South Carolina outbreak and its causes. As stated in our last issue, the disturbances at Darlington and elsewhere were practically suppressed with the appearance of Governor Tillman's military on the scene of action, and, while the public mind is still more or less excited,

there has been no renewal of hostilities. The Governor has proceeded vigorously against the militia companies which refused to obey his orders, all of them being required to surrender the guns and other property of the State in their possession, and it is understood that companies composed of loyal citizens will be organized in many country districts, where the population is almost unanimously in sympathy with the executive. The coroner's investigation into the shooting affray at Darlington, which resulted in the killing of two citizens and one constable, reached the conclusion that the shooting was started by the constables, two of whom have consequently been held for trial. We give elsewhere illustrations of incidents of the recent disturbances.

## National Academy of Design Exhibition.

THAT the present exhibition of the National Academy of Design (the sixty-ninth) is considerably in advance of its recent predecessors is universally admitted. That this result has been brought about by more or less adverse criticism of recent academy methods, if not so generally admitted, is nevertheless equally true.

Instead of being confronted with a dismal acreage of mediocrity, the visitor sees that the walls of the academy for once present a bright and cheerful appearance, which is gratifying as far as it goes. Of course we are not prepared to find such eccentricities and experiments in art as are to be seen at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists; but from the present departure we should judge that the academy, if its present course is pursued, may in the near future become the recipient of some of those glaring artistic idiosyncrasies which, while not always acceptable to the art world, at least serve the purpose of setting people to thinking.

It is too late in the day to go into any criticism of individual pictures therein displayed, but we desire to congratulate the academy on the appearance on its walls of such pictures as that of Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell, which he calls "An Arrangement in Pink and Gray," and which very properly took the first Hallgarten prize.

By the way, the awarding of these prizes has called forth considerable discussion. One wonders, upon consulting the names of the acceptance committee, which is largely composed of artists of good repute, how they could have awarded the first Clark prize and other prizes as they did, in preference to pictures of equal if not greater merit. The vagaries of awarding committees are as surprising as they are inexplicable.

We regret to note that the academy still continues its unjustifiable methods of giving places of honor to some of those dear old fossils who should long ago have hung up palette and brush, thus forcing into prominence, and even into ridicule, men whose works at one time were held in considerable esteem, and at the same time crowding out the more acceptable work of young men.

We believe that the unwritten law of the academy compels this course, but it is nevertheless one of the many reasons which have tended during recent years to cause the academy to lose favor among intelligent artistic people, and to encourage the remarkable growth of such a rival institution as that of the Society of American Artists.

We give on page 264, in addition to the picture of Mr. B. W. Clinedinst, four other illustrations: No. 246, "A Gray Sundown," by Mr. J. Francis Murphy; No. 10, "A Winter Walk," by Francis Day; No. 288, "Summer," by H. Bolton Jones; No. 194, "New England Coast," by Mr. M. F. H. de Haas.

These pictures are all excellent in their way, and fairly represent the average quality of the exhibition in their respective lines.

It is probable that the academy will never regain its former prestige nor the hold upon the artistic public that it should have, while remaining in its present cramped quarters. And it is hoped that the day is not far distant when some of the many recent projects for a new structure, in a more desirable part of the city, may be carried into effect.

B. S.

## The American Handicap Pigeon-shooting Match.

THE great American Handicap Pigeon-shooting match, which took place at Dexter Park, Long Island, April 5th and 6th, was perhaps the most notable affair of the kind which has ever taken place in this country. Experts from all parts of the Union were attracted by it, fifty-three in all entering the contest. By the terms of the handicap each of the participants was required to shoot at twenty-five birds at distances

varying from twenty-five to thirty-three yards, with a boundary of fifty yards and a dead-line of thirty-three. No gun was to be larger than a No. 12 bore or heavier than eight pounds. The first day's shooting ended with clean scores for ten of the marksmen. At the close of the contest on the second day only two, C. W. Morfe, of Paterson, New Jersey, and Captain A. W. Money, of Oakland, in the same State, had full scores. In shooting off the tie Morfe was the winner, and so secured first-prize money, amounting to \$662. Money's share as second was \$397, and F. G. Moore, of New York, who won third place, received \$225.

The match attracted a large concourse of spectators, who were roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the excellent shooting. The contest was marked by many surprises, among which were the failures of some well-known professionals to sustain their previous reputation.

## FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us \$1.00, will be entitled to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and LESLIE'S WEEKLY for three months. \$4.00, to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

## Mounet-Sully, Theatre Francais Company.

A STRONG face, expressive of capacity for deep feeling, of unusual concentrative power, and of individuality. The general formation of the head suggests soundness of thought and a broadly comprehensive mentality, and the eyebrows intense power of application, persistence, and forcible virility. The nose is in cast intellectual, and shows an inclination to undertake



MUNET-SULLY.

long and arduous tasks. The mouth is warm and speaks a temperament ardent and appreciative, but not unbridled, is sympathetic and adaptable. Below the eyes is sensitive appreciation of outside opinion and a degree of vanity which is an element in the qualities which strive to be successful in all ventures. It is an expressive face, but one more great in its versatility and adaptability than in its own intrinsic individuality, and showing a will power more persevering than vital.

## Mme. Segond-Weber.

A VERY great amount of patient persistence and continuity of will power is expressed in this countenance. The mind is clear in its per-



MME. SEGOND-WEBER.

ceptions, and its intuitive insights are keen and penetrating. The broad element of stability is lacking, but the lack is largely compensated for by the persistence already mentioned. Individuality, expressed by the nose, is very strong. Capacity for continuous thought lies upon the eyebrows, and below the eyes is readiness in speech and love of admiration and of praise. The mouth is indicative of a warm, appreciative temperament and of senses keenly sensitive to impression, capable of expanding to enthusiasm, but also, by virtue of the strong jaw, capable of



resistance. The will is strong, but obstinate in nature rather than forcible. The whole is feminine, sensitive, and often flexible, but also capable of set resolution and on the whole difficult to control.

## THE AMATEUR ARIEL

### THE YALE AND PRINCETON BALL TEAMS.

THE remarkably good showing which the Yale University nine made against the Boston professionals in the two games the teams played proves that Princeton will not be able to win from the New Haven nine so easily as some people supposed, and removes entirely the bad impression made by Captain Case's men while on their spring trip. Both the games mentioned were virtually victories for the college players, although there was a dispute about the score of the first contest, and the second resulted in a tie. Carter pitched a splendid game on Saturday, and Trudeau did almost as well the day before. Evidently John Clarkson has been of great benefit to the Yale batteries, and apparently Carter is just as effective at the new distance as he was last year. If the team does not become over confident it ought to defeat both Harvard and Princeton.

Trenchard has gone behind the bat and is now catching the Princeton pitchers; unless his arm troubles him he will undoubtedly remain there. Last season Trenchard was not a great success as a back-stop, but his work ought to be much better this year. He has plenty of pluck and strength, the two qualifications needed by a catcher, and his experience should prove of great value to him. He is one of the best batters on the nine. Williams has been falling off as a catcher, and his batting has been very weak indeed. Consequently the change should make the team stronger, if a good hitter can be put in the outfield. There is only one thing which can defeat Yale this year—good, heavy hitting. The Princeton coaches should recognize that, and not devote too much time to fielding, which may keep the score of an opposing nine down to small figures, but can never defeat it.

Brooks and P. Ward are having a hard fight at short-stop, and it is hard to say which is the better man. Brooks has played on the nine for two years, during a part of the season at least, but has always been much weaker in the important games than in the early part of the schedule, and his hitting can never be depended upon. Ward has been batting the ball hard thus far, and his fielding has been almost as good as his rival's. On this showing he should be preferred to the diminutive Brooks; but if the latter's fielding wins the day, Ward might well be used in the outfield.

### HARVARD'S TEAM.

Harvard is in a bad way. The pitchers, who are nothing extraordinary at their best, have been used up by the cold New England climate, and are suffering from lame arms and similar ailments. Corbett has been the most promising candidate for catcher, but he is now on athletic probation, and not allowed by the faculty to play. Unless his disability is removed by the board of instruction at Cambridge, and that speedily, Harvard will have to depend upon new men behind the plate. There are two of whom something might be made—O'Malley and Scannell. The former caught on his class nine last year, but his work this spring has been disappointing. Scannell is a freshman. He has done fairly well in the early games and practice. The infield is settled with the exception of short-stop. Stevenson, the foot-ball player, has been tried there and may keep the position; he catches and stops the ball well, but cannot throw. The outfield is in a very chaotic state.

### THE YACHTING OUTLOOK.

NEVER since a fresh impetus was given American yachting by the memorable *Puritan-Genesta* races for the America's Cup in 1885 has there been a time when the outlook for a brilliant, or for even a reasonably interesting, season was so poor as it is at present. With few new racing-boats building, and all of these under thirty feet water-line, and with the prospect of few of the racing-boats in the larger classes being put in commission, yachtsmen may well wonder where sport is to be found in the season of 1894. The contrast with last year at this time, when four first-class sloops were being built to compete for the honor of defending the America's Cup against *Valkyrie*, is a most marked one.

There is a very general feeling among yachtsmen that Lord Dunraven should have been given some racing after leaving his boat on this side of the water for the winter and after going to the expense of a new and larger sail plan,

with spars and a lighter rig to match. His representative in this country, Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, did his best to arrange a series of races, but received such discouraging replies from the owners of the big single-stickers, that he gave up the effort. All hope of seeing the *Valkyrie* in races on this side of the water is now about gone, for her racing spars have been shipped by steamer to the other side, and she is being fitted out at South Brooklyn for her own voyage across. She will sail under a yawl rig, a much more manageable one than a cutter for an eighty-five-footer, but of little value for racing. Captain Cranfield, the *Valkyrie's* skipper in the cup races, will take her to England, and, with his crew, is due in New York some time this month.

Of the big single-stickers which might have met *Valkyrie*, *Pilgrim* is being changed to a twin-screw steam yacht in Boston, and *Vigilant* lies rusting in winter quarters; while *Jubilee*, though recently overhauled and painted, is not likely to go into commission. *Colonia* must be so extensively and expensively altered to compete with *Vigilant* as to make it doubtful if she would come out under any circumstances. This leaves only *Navahoe* and *Volunteer*. The former is certain to be in commission, while Commodore Forbes, after having given *Volunteer* a sloop rig again for the express purpose of trying the old cup defender against the modern boats, would undoubtedly be only too glad to come out if he could see sport ahead.

These last two were not, however, the boats which Lord Dunraven wished to meet. *Vigilant* was his preference, with no objection to the others to make things more interesting. *Vigilant* has, therefore, been the key to the situation, and had her owners done anything more than to intimate that Lord Dunraven could have a race for twenty thousand dollars or more, *Valkyrie* would have stayed on this side, other boats would have come out, and New York and the racing ports eastward to Marblehead would have seen sport which would have made the season of 1894 memorable in the annals of American yachting.

Outside of such racing as may be afforded by the older sloops and schooners, there is, therefore, nothing which promises interesting sport until the classes of under thirty feet water-line are reached, and even here there is no great number of new boats. The original Herreshoff fin keel, the *Dilemma*, now owned at Greenport, Long Island, is likely to have two or three fin-keel competitors of about her own length—twenty-seven feet water-line—one, it is hinted, being from Boston. New York's small-boat classes receive several additions, but Boston contributes only two twenty-one-footers to that once popular class. Eastern yachtsmen seem to be consoling themselves with the "knock-about," a handy jib and mainsail of twenty-one feet water-line, and a big fleet of this type is building.

On the other side of the water things are, however, very lively. Several new twenty-raters have been built, and the class will be the sporting one of the season. Interest will also be taken in the ten-raters, for the Herreshoffs have a new fin keel for that class, and she must meet a new fin from Watson's hands, as well as other old and new craft.

## A Historic Document Hidden from Public View.

THE chief show feature of the State Department library at Washington has been removed from public view—the original Declaration of Independence. For years it has been one of the great objects of interests to visitors—of greater interest, perhaps, to foreign visitors than to Americans. It is a singular fact that almost every Englishman who has visited Washington as a sightseer has made a point of seeing this historic document; while to Americans the treasure vaults and the dead-letter office and the Supreme Court chamber have seemed of greater interest. The American visitor looks for what is big and new and costly. He takes more interest in the marble terrace just completed on the west side of the Capitol than he does in the dusty store-rooms in the old sandstone building or in its historic crypt. Still many hundreds of thousands of Americans have seen this famous document. It has been on public view in a plain glass case in the State Department library for many years. It is to the credit of the American vandal that, though he has chipped pieces from the Washington Monument, he has never attempted injury to the Declaration of Independence. It was kept within plain view and easy reach of visitors. It had no special guardian, and it could have been defaced or destroyed very easily. This was not the reason for its removal. Examination showed that from

exposure to the light the historic document was deteriorating. The ink was fading and the parchment (English parchment, by the way) was cracking. Some years ago an expert suggested to the State Department officials that the ink could be preserved by coating the document with composition. But they feared that this might injure the parchment, so the suggestion was not adopted. Since that time the ink has faded still more, and the department people finally determined to put the parchment in a metal cylinder and store it away among the department archives. A copy, photo lithographed, will be put in its place; but that can be seen in almost any of the libraries in the great cities of the United States.

The archives of the State Department hold documents worth many millions, if a money valuation can be placed on them. Many of them are beyond all price. It would be interesting to know what the Declaration of Independence would bring if put up at auction as a rare manuscript. There are original letters of George Washington and the fathers of the republic in the files which would be worth a large fortune to a collector. There are letters from kings and queens and Eastern potentates, addressed in autograph to their "great and good friend, the President of the United States," and these are of great historic value. There are several large collections of state papers bought by Congress from the heirs of great statesmen. All of these papers can be examined if authority is had from the Secretary of State.

None of these papers is displayed in the library. There are one or two sample treaties there—gorgeous affairs of silk and satin and gold lace; but the Declaration of Independence is the only American document that has been displayed. There are some historic swords and cups and vases, which have been presented to American heroes and transferred by them to the State Department to be the property of the nation. But among relics of gold and silver and of precious stones the most interesting feature of the library collection was the cracked piece of parchment, with its faded inscription: "When in the course of human events—"

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## Vignettes of the Day.



AUGUSTIN DALY.

Londoners would not go to it, no matter what the play. The seats were unoccupied, and the critics stormed and cut up poor Miss Rehan in a terrible way. But Mr. Daly kept on. He changed his bill, rehearsed his company, advertised his plays skillfully, and now all London is at his feet, and the critics see much to praise in Miss Rehan. The theatre is crowded nightly, and Mr. Daly will probably recoup his fortune.

It would be hard to say how many fortunes Mr. Daly has made and lost. He has been over thirty years in the theatrical business, and has had many successes. In his early days his friends thought that he would become a great playwright; but in this they were disappointed. He is, however, a clever adapter, and the best stage-manager in the country as well. In his younger days he was a reporter, then he became a dramatic critic, and finally a manager. It may be said that Daly discovered the "society drama." He has many admirable traits. With the members of his company he is a martinet. He is cordially hated by most of his employes, for he is cold, cynical, and a recluse. It is difficult to get into his presence, and he will never see reporters. In attire he is slovenly, and his face is solemnity itself.

But no matter about his personal traits, he has done more for the drama than any other man in America. He produces great plays as they ought to be produced. He never spares his money. He always gives the best attainable, and he was the first manager to set the style for elaborate stage-setting and for fine dressing. His life is given up to the stage. His dramatic library is the best to be found anywhere in the country, and cost a fortune. Mr. Daly is the possessor of many rare and valuable books.

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The organ-tones had died away in an echo of

grief. A man's rich baritone voice held us triumphantly as he sang "There is a green hill far away." A flood of sunlight came rushing through the stained-glass windows. A small company of men and women were assembled to pay the last earthly tribute to the memory of a departed actor. Now and then a few half-suppressed sobs were heard. Outside, the birds were twittering. The air was rich with the odor from many shrubs. It was a perfect day. The place was the "Little Church Around the Corner," where the funeral services over the remains of an humble member of the theatrical profession were just over, as I went to call upon Dr. George H. Houghton. A charming bit, in the heart of New York, is this church, over which Dr. Houghton presides. A low, Gothic structure, in the form of a cross, with green vines climbing all over its walls. There is a miniature fountain in the yard. The green sward all about the church is shaded by some noble trees. As you turn out of rumbling, roaring Broadway and come upon this quiet spot you are struck at once by a strong sense of contrast.

In the rectory everything is plain, even to asceticism. You can see at a glance that it is the home of a clergyman who has no thought of luxury. As Dr. Houghton comes from his study to meet you in the suite room, you are at first inclined to think that you have gotten into the wrong house, and that this is a Roman Catholic priest and not a Protestant Episcopal clergyman whom you see. But in this point you are mistaken, of course. Dr. Houghton stands by old forms. He still wears a cassock at all times when at home. He also affects the round collar, fastening at the back, that Roman Catholic clergymen usually wear. He has not discarded the beretta of the Roman church, which in its way seems so much more appropriate on the head of a priest than do the more modern styles of head covering. In appearance, Dr. Houghton is rather above the medium height, but slender and worn as though from much study and hard work. His face is pale but finely cut, and he has the abstracted air, at times, of a student and a thinker, which he is, as his sermons show. Nearly every actor who dies in New York is buried from his church, and he allowed a memorial window to Harry Montague, the actor, to be placed in it. Yet he, himself, does not attend places of public entertainment. Severe and exclusive in his own personal habits, his church is free to all, and services are conducted in it every day in the year, for the benefit of all who will attend. Ascetic himself, he does not preach asceticism. Liberal in all things, he does not attempt to coerce others. The actors and actresses of America love this good-hearted old parson, for while they live he gives them spiritual comfort, and in death his church is the one always selected by sorrowing friends for funeral services. After all, the best of life is living for others.

FOSTER COATES.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

AMONG our foreign pictures are several illustrating incidents in the career of Louis Kossuth, and one depicting the riot which occurred in Buda-Pesth because of the refusal of the Hungarian government to accord state honors to the remains of the deceased patriot. We also give an illustration of the method of feeding the unemployed in Vienna, where there has been great distress, and another of a Chinese prison at Canton. The prisoners include malefactors of the worst sort, and persons whose only offense is that they have a little money which it is desired to wrest from them, and all of them are at times reduced to a half-starved condition.

## A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

## Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

OUR readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

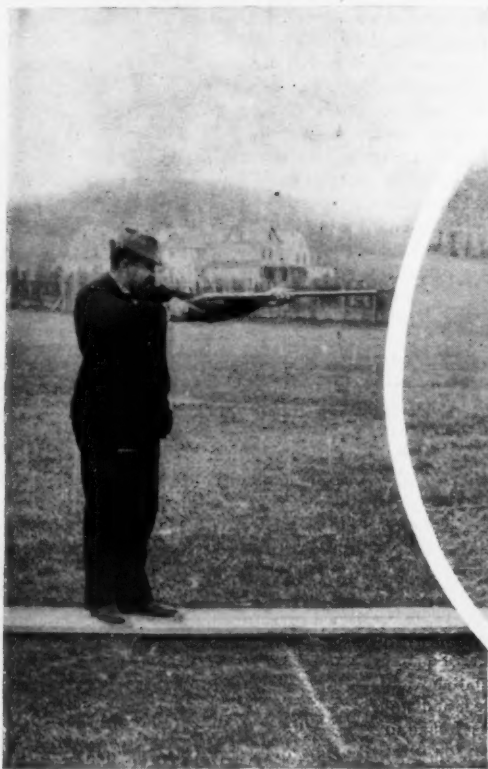




FRED HOEY, WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.



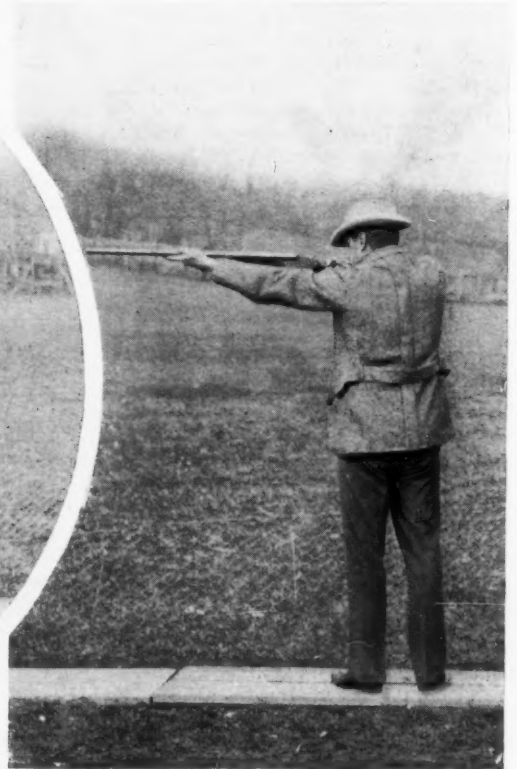
SPECTATORS AND NEWSPAPER REPORTERS AT THE SHOOTING POINT—ELLIOTT SHOOTING, FULFORD READY.



FRANK CLASS, OF PINE BROOK.



CAPTAIN J. L. BROWER, NEW YORK. J. A. R. ELLIOTT, KANSAS CITY.



GEORGE WORK, CARTERET GUN CLUB.



T. W. MORFEY, PATERSON, THE WINNER.

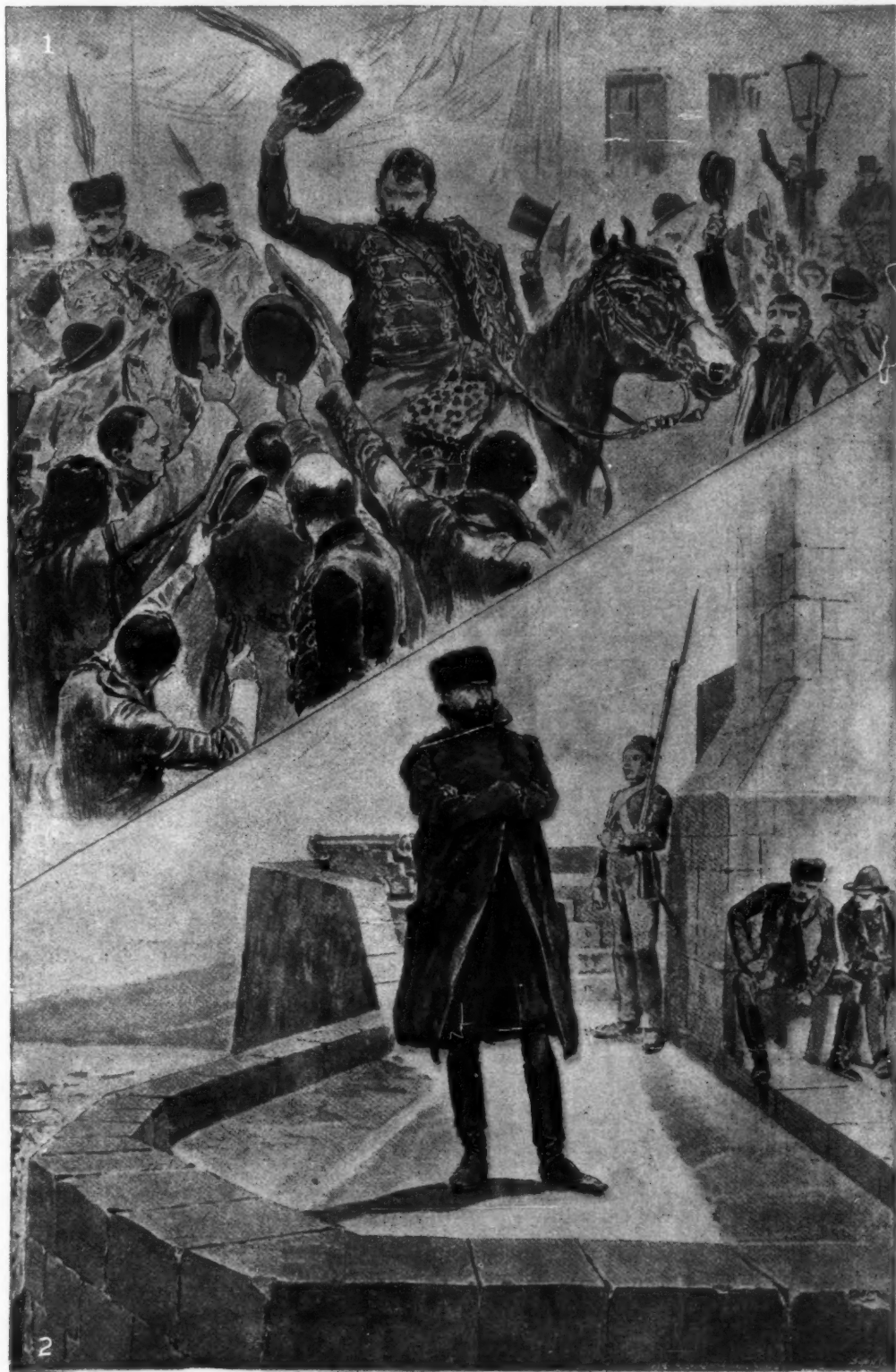


THE RETRIEVERS ON DUTY.

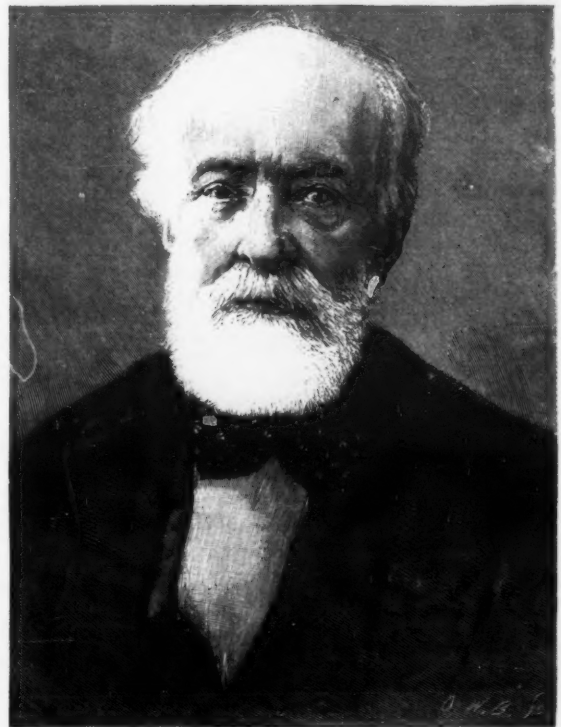


E. D. FULFORD, UTICA.





1. Kossuth proclaimed Governor of Hungary in the streets of Buda Pesth, 1849. 2. Kossuth a prisoner at Kutahia, in Asia Minor, 1851.

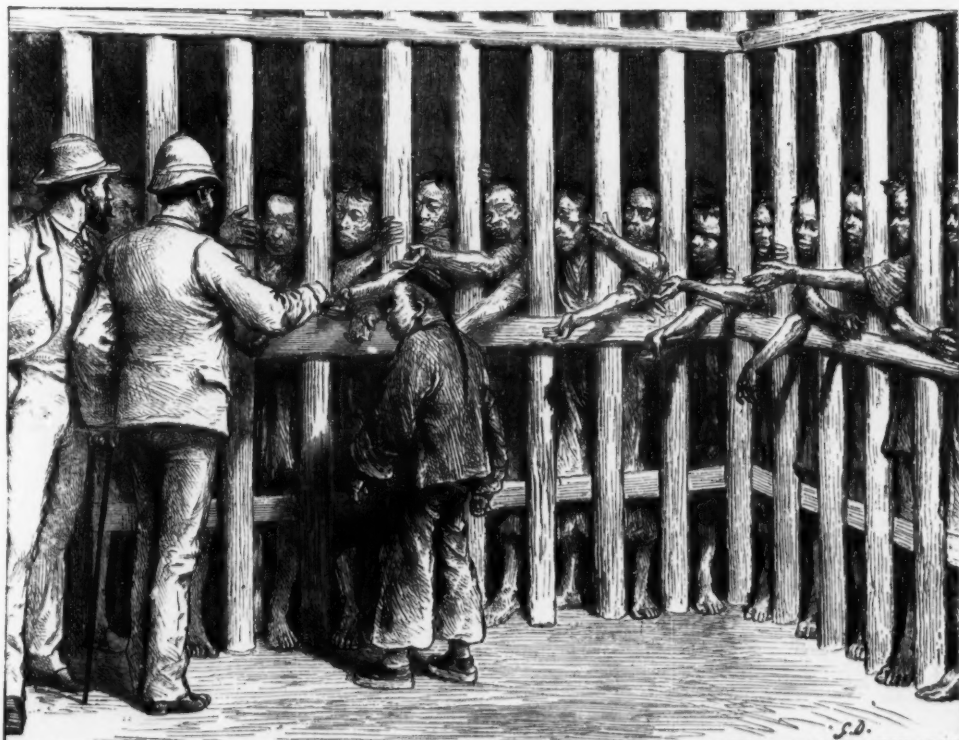


Louis Kossuth—From his latest photograph.—*London Graphic*.

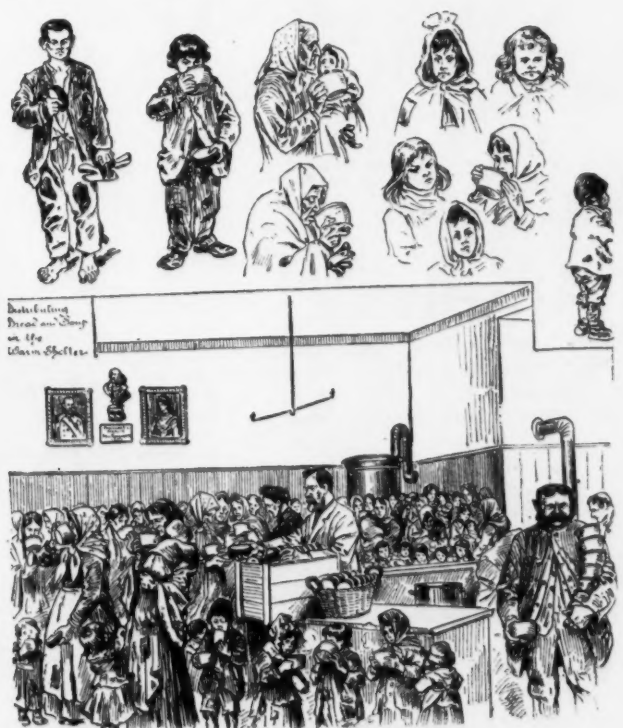


The military dispersing the Kossuth riots in Buda-Pesth.—*London Graphic*.

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT, LOUIS KOSSUTH.—*Illustrated London News*.



A PRISON AT CANTON, CHINA—THE PRISONERS BEGGING FOR BREAD-MONEY.—*London Graphic*.



THE UNEMPLOYED IN VIENNA—FOOD DISTRIBUTION AT A "WARM SHELTER."

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 264.]



## SOUVENIR SPOONS.

On another page will be found the offer of the Leonard Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, to send a set of six silver-plated souvenir spoons for the small sum of ninety-nine cents for the set. These spoons have been submitted to us, and we are sure that those who send for them will be exceedingly gratified to receive such dainty and useful souvenirs of the World's Fair as these spoons are. The Leonard Manufacturing Company will promptly and without question return the money sent in payment if the spoons fail to give satisfaction. We do not believe, however, that they will ever be called upon to do so.—*Christian at Work*, March 22d, 1894.

## THE TRUST AFTER NO-TO-BAC.

ESTIMATED THAT HALF A MILLION TOBACCO-USERS WILL BE CURED IN '94 BY THE USE OF NO-TO-BAC, CAUSING A LOSS OF MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS.

CHICAGO, April 7th.—[Special].—It was reported to-day that a large sum of money had been offered the proprietors of the cure for the tobacco habit called "No-to-bac," which is famous all over the country for its wonderful effect. This offer, it was said, was made by parties who desire to take it off the market and stop its sale, because of its injury to the tobacco business. Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the No-to-bac business, was interviewed at his office, 45 Randolph Street, and when questioned, promptly said:

"No, sir; No-to-bac is not for sale to the tobacco trust. We just refused a half-million from other parties for our business. Certainly No-to-bac affects the tobacco business. It will cure over a half-million people in 1894, at an average saving of fifty dollars, which each would otherwise expend for tobacco, amounting in round figures to \$25,000,000. Of course tobacco manufacturers and dealers' loss is the gain of the party taking No-to-bac. Does No-to-bac benefit physically? Yes, sir. The majority of our patients report an immediate gain in flesh, and their nicotine-saturated systems are cleansed and made vigorous. How is No-to-bac sold? Principally through our traveling agents. We employ over a thousand. It is also sold by druggists, wholesale and retail, throughout the United States and Canada. How are patients assured that No-to-bac will effect a cure in their case? We absolutely guarantee three boxes, costing \$2.50, to cure any case. Failure to cure means the money back. Of course there are failures, but they are few, and we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure than his money. We publish a little book called 'Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away,' that tells all about No-to-bac, which will be mailed free to any one desiring it by addressing the Sterling Remedy Company, 45-49 Randolph Street, Chicago."

"VIN MARIANI" is a reliable diffusible tonic and stimulant without unpleasant reaction; a strengthener of the system.

"Vin Mariani" nourishes, strengthens, sustains and refreshes. It is pronounced by every physician who tests it as the most agreeable and efficacious of all tonics and stimulants, very palatable, and borne by the most enfeebled stomach where everything else fails.

"Vin Mariani" is well adapted for children and persons in delicate health; and for convalescents, as it sustains life for a long period, and nourishes without any other food or drink, and, above all, having that great advantage and superiority over all so-called tonics, that it essentially strengthens, and may be taken for any length of time without any fear of inflammation or injury to the gastric juices, and never causing constipation; on the contrary, it aids digestion and assimilation, removes fatigue, and improves the appetite.

An interesting album of seventy-five portraits of noted celebrities, with autographs selected from many thousands who during thirty years have testified to the uniform excellence of "Vin Mariani." To all who wish it, this album is sent free by Mariani & Co., 52 West Fifteenth Street, New York.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

THE Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warehouses, 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, before buying elsewhere.

MENTAL exhaustion and brain fatigue Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

## A "Slight Cold,"

COUGH, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, if neglected, frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease, or chronic Throat Trouble. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give prompt and effective relief.

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGSTURA BITTERS, indorsed by physicians and chemists for purity.

## A VALUABLE ADDITION

to the culinary list is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, an absolutely pure, unsweetened condensed milk so carefully prepared that it keeps indefinitely and is always available for every recipe calling for milk or cream.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Anæmia

is depleted blood. The blood lacks richness and the cheeks lack color. The whole system lacks the nourishment of

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. This nourishing, palatable food restores a healthy color, enriches the blood and tones up the whole system. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

## THIS CURIOUS THING

Is a Sweat or Excretory Gland. Its mouth is called a Pore. There are 7,000,000 in the human skin. Through them are discharged many impurities. To close them means death. Sluggish or clogged pores mean yellow, mothy skin, pimples, blotches, eczema. The blood becomes impure. Hence serious blood humors. Perfect action of the pores Means clear, wholesome skin, Means pure blood, Means beauty and health.

## Cuticura Resolvent

Exerts a peculiar, purifying action upon the skin, and through it upon the blood. Hence its cures of distressing humors are speedy, permanent and economical. Like all of the CUTICURAS, it is pure, sweet, gentle, and effective. Mothers are its warmest friends.

MAGNIFIED. Sold everywhere. Price, \$1. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

## GRECIAN MAIDENS

IT is well known in history that the PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

## Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

Let all who desire to make themselves IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,

TRY IT! FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

## Great Western

The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

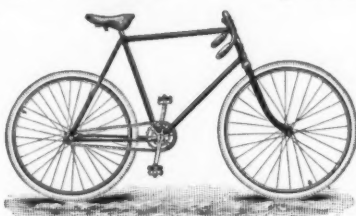
Address, Pleasant Valley Wine Company, RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York. H. B. Kirk & Co., 69 FULTON STREET AND 1158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

LONDON THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

## Vagaries of the Cable.

THE cable-car system, introduced into this and other cities, is an immense improvement upon the old method of propulsion, but it has risks and imperfections which, as yet, the utmost ingenuity has been unable to correct. Illustrations of this fact are every now and then afforded, when some car breaks away and goes scampering at lightning speed along the rails, defying all attempts to control it. Our illustration on another page admirably depicts a runaway of this sort, and the consternation caused by it among pedestrians and drivers of vehicles. In time, no doubt, the cable system will be so perfected as to guarantee comparative immunity from these vexatious vagaries, but it may be doubted whether perfect exemption from them will ever be assured.

## Remington Cycles



## ARE THE BEST

In Design, Material, Workmanship, and Finish.

NINE PATTERNS. POPULAR WEIGHTS.

Prices, \$100.00 to \$135.00.

Fitted with the world-famous Bartlett "clinker" or Palmer tire.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Remington Arms Co.,

Manufacturers of the Remington Fire-Arms, of world-wide reputation. 313-315 Broadway, New York.

LADY WANTED at home, to assist in preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp. WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Jas.)

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz.—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 9 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

## Marry Your Trousers

to the

# CHESTER

and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.



## MEN GO WILD

about splendid teeth. Therefore, fair ladies, it behooves you to know that **Sozodont** makes them glitter like Orient pearl. By this pure Vegetable Dentifrice the enamel is rendered impervious to decay, all discolorations are removed, the gums become hard and rosy, and the breath rendered pure and sweet. No lady ever used **Sozodont**, without approving of its cleansing and purifying properties, and the flattering testimonials that have been bestowed upon it by eminent Dentists and scientific men, speak volumes of praise for its merits. **Sozodont** contains not one particle of acid or any ingredient whatever that will injure the enamel, and is free from the acrid properties of Tooth Pastes, etc. One bottle of **Sozodont** will last six months.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893

Exact Size.

**Hotel Brunswick** DOWNTOWN DEPOT SUBURUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Stands without a rival. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

## WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

AS GOOD AS A "BEECH-NUT" HAM.



## If You Have

Scrofula,  
Sores, Boils, or  
any other skin disease,  
take

## AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

the Superior  
Blood-Purifier  
and Spring Medicine.  
Cures others,

## will cure you

GRAND CENTRAL STATION in the  
centre of New York City.

The Hudson River for one hun-  
dred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley, in  
which are some of the finest  
landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls, the world's great-  
est cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains, "the  
Nation's pleasure-ground  
and Sanitarium."

The Empire State Express, the  
fastest train in the world.

The Thousand Islands, the fish-  
erman's paradise.

The New York and Chicago Lim-  
ited, the most luxurious  
train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions  
offered the public by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL,

"America's Greatest Railroad."

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

## EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**PILES** Successfully treated by a new method. For particulars write to Lakeside Hospital, 4122 Lake Ave., Chicago.

## LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the **Best at Cargo prices** in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. **Grand Income** made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P.O. Box 229, 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

## NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL SCENIC LINE

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

PACIFIC COAST TOURISTS SHOULD NOT  
FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS ROUTE

**THE PHOTORET**

In appearance and size a gent's watch. In reality a Snap Shot Magazine Camera. Takes 6 pictures without reloading. So simple a child can operate it. \$2.50 buys one complete with films for 35 exposures. Are you interested in this Pocket Wonder? Send Stamp for Illustrated Booklet

MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO.  
521 Broadway, N. Y.

Photoret photo free if you mention this publication.

**EAT BICYCLES**

Without Charge.  
A.W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, O.

will send you a list of new and second-hand Bicycles, showing a saving of from \$20.00 to \$50.00, or for 10 cents they will send you a Candy Bicycle Transparency, good to eat but better to hang in your window.

To tone entire System, Body and Brain, use the Popular French Tonic

Endorsed by eminent  
Physicians everywhere.

## VIN MARIANI

Sold by Druggists and  
Fancy Grocers.

**SENT GRATIS!** To all who mention this paper, an interesting volume of 112 pages, containing 75 portraits, autographs, original sketches, of Celebrities, selected from many thousands who testify to uniform excellence of "Vin Mariani." Address, PARIS: 81 Boulevard Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. MARIANI & COMPANY, 52 West 15th Street, NEW YORK.

## DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



**FOR MEDICINAL USE  
NO FUSEL OIL**

When you find anything popular you may de-  
pend upon it that it

**HAS SUPERIOR MERIT.**

This is precisely the case with

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

It is popular because it produces what no other malt preparation has ever produced, namely, a quick and healthful reaction upon the first appearance of any cold, cough or other symptom indicating disease. It can be obtained of any reliable druggist or grocer, and all purchasers should insist upon having DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY and no other.

Send for Illustrated Book.

**DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,  
Rochester, New York.**

## Arnold Constable & Co.

London and Paris Novelties.

## COSTUMES.

Tailor-made Suits,

Reception and Carriage Dresses,

Lace-trimmed Dresses,

Garments, Costumes,

Riding Habits.

**EVENING TOILETS.**

Wraps, Jackets, Cloaks.

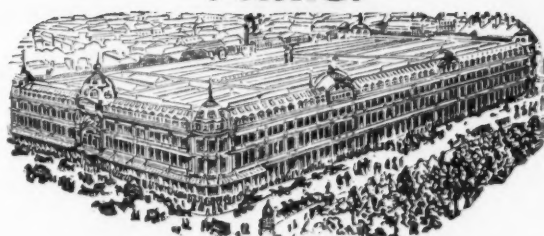
Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.



**ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES  
CATARRH**  
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

## AU BON MARCHÉ

NOUVEAUTÉS  
PARIS.



The system of selling  
everything at a small profit and of a thoroughly reliable quality is strictly  
maintained at the BON MARCHÉ.

Our CATALOGUE of Novelties for the Summer Season is now out and is sent  
FREE ON DEMAND.

The BON MARCHÉ also sends FREE ON DEMAND, assorted patterns of their  
materials and albums of their Models of Made-up Goods.

The Establishment of the BON MARCHÉ holds in stock the RICHEST, most  
ELEGANT and most COMPLETE ASSORTMENT in all branches of its business; it is  
acknowledged that GREAT ADVANTAGES are offered both in the QUALITY and prices  
of all goods.

The BON MARCHÉ forwards its goods to any part of the Globe and corre-  
sponds in all languages.

The BON MARCHÉ has no BRANCH BUSINESS or AGENT for the sale of its  
goods, and begs to caution its customers against all tradespeople making use of its  
name.

The BON MARCHÉ premises are the largest and best organized in the world,  
and form one of the most remarkable SIGHTS IN PARIS.

## VINO DE SALUD

(WINE OF HEALTH.)

BOTTLED IN SPAIN.

Best of all Tonic Wines.

A preparation of finest  
Malaga Wine and  
Herbs from a recipe  
of the old Moors of  
Granada.

IMPORTED BY ROCHE & CO., 503 5th Ave., 120 B. Way,  
New York.

**HOW WE ARE ABLE TO DO IT!**

These spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by  
THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.,  
and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them quickly  
we make this unheard-of offer. **SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS**,  
after dinner coffee size HEAVY COIN SILVER PLATED,  
with GOLD PLATED BOWLS, each spoon representing a  
different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely  
chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1893 and  
wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of  
art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced.  
Sold during the Fair for \$2.00; we now offer the balance of  
this stock at **ONLY 99c**. Sent in elegant plush line case properly  
packed and express prepaid to any address. Send Postal Note, or  
Currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented.  
LEONARD W. CO., Sole Agents, Dept. A7, 29 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

What the "CHRISTIAN AT WORK" of New York, has to say in their issue of March 22, 1894:  
"These spoons have been submitted to us, and we are sure that those who send for them will be exceedingly gratified to receive such dainty and use-  
ful souvenirs of the World's Fair as these spoons are. The Leonard Manufacturing Company will promptly and without question return the money  
sent in payment if the spoons fail to give satisfaction. We do not believe, however, that they will ever be called upon to do so."

"If it were DONE when 'tis  
DONE, then 'twere well it  
were DONE QUICKLY."  
—Macbeth.

and if it is a Croquette, or  
an Oyster, or a Pie, or a  
Doughnut, or a Biscuit,  
or any other article that  
needs

## SHORTENING

when 'tis done, 'twill be  
better done as well as more  
quickly done if you use

## Cottolene

The Vegetable Shortening.

It is purer than lard; it is  
without the objectionable  
flavor of lard; it heats  
quicker than lard; it browns  
better than lard, and does  
not make food greasy and  
indigestible as lard does.

Ask your grocer for Cottolene, and  
accept no imitations. Sold every-  
where in three and five pound pails.



Made only by  
**The N. K. Fairbank  
Company,  
CHICAGO.**  
New York, Boston,  
Philadelphia,  
San Francisco,  
St. Louis, Montreal.

## THE RALEIGH BICYCLES

On which All World's Championships  
OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made.  
The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the  
finest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The  
RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running  
qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 1201-3 7th Ave., New York.  
CYCLE CO., 1201-3 7th Ave., New York.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-  
found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly  
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

## S-O-H-M-E-R.

WE WANT YOU to distribute our pianos, and we will pay you for our ad-  
vertising of big advertising, \$1 to \$5 per thousand. CASH PAID. No exchange.  
Kooler stamps. DISTRIBUTING BUREAU, P.O. Box 1925, New York City

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

So popular with the Ladies  
for rendering their teeth  
pearly white.  
With the Gentlemen for  
cleansing their teeth and  
perfuming the breath. It  
removes all traces of tobacco  
smoke. Is perfectly  
harmless and delicious to  
the taste.  
Sent by mail for 25 CENTS.  
At all dealers. Send 2-cent  
stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

THAT which makes KINOLY MEN whom wives and  
sweethearts adore, FRANK J. HART, Jersey City, N. J.

**TAMAR** A laxative, refreshing  
fruit lozenge,  
very agreeable to take, for  
Constipation,  
hemorrhoids, bile,  
loss of appetite, gastric  
and intestinal troubles and  
headache arising  
from them.

**INDIEN** E. GRILLON.  
33 Rue des Archives, Paris  
Sold by all Druggists.

**GRILLON**

**EUROPE** Excursions and individual  
tickets. Ocean tickets by all  
lines. Tourist Gazette free. H. GAZE & SONS,  
113 Broadway, N. Y. (Est. 1844.) Official Ticket  
Agents for Chief Trunk Lines.

ASK FOR SLICED "BEECH-NUT BACON"—IN POUND BOXES.





PURE HUDSON ENGLISH.

HAYESTRAW BRICK-SHIPPER—"Are you the commander of that barge?"  
MISTER KNYACK (whispering)—"No; I ain't nothin' but the commandee."

### Good Soup, Well Served

how it refreshes after a long fast—how fittingly it begins all good dinners, especially if made with

### Armour's Extract of BEEF

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

### TAKE A BICYCLE

which is all right—with a plainly worded guarantee, backed by financial strength and integrity—

LIKE THE

### RAMBLER

swift, light, strong and handsome—the result of fourteen years of bicycle building—and

YOU RUN NO RISK.

ONE PRICE FOR ALL STYLES AND WEIGHTS. Catalogue free at any Rambler agency, or by mail for two 2-ct. stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY, Mrs. Co., Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.



### SMALLEY

HIGH GRADE, FOUR STYLES, WEIGHT, 20 TO 34 POUNDS.

Road Racer, Light Roadster, Track Racer, Ladies' Wheel.

Write for Catalogue.

NEW DEPARTURE.

Marble Cycle Mfg. Company, PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

### Strikingly Handsome

With their light, graceful wheels of tough wood in natural finish, are the

### HICKORY BICYCLES.

These powerful wheels have grown rapidly in favor for touring and pleasure riding, and will warrant the careful attention of every rider desiring a durable mount of the highest grade.

Hickory Wheel Co., So. Framingham, Mass.

Catalogue free.

### LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES

LATEST AND BEST.

STRONG, LIGHT AND DURABLE. HIGHEST GRADE. POPULAR PRICES.

Agents Wanted.—Write for terms and particulars.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

### URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

Post Office :  
URBANA, N. Y.



### Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals

are used in the  
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

### Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

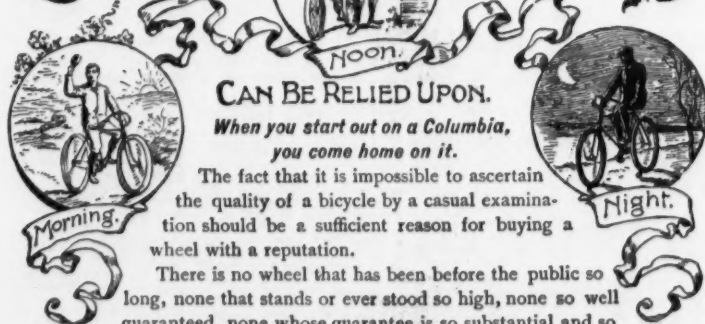
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

EARL & WILSON'S.  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



### COLUMBIA BICYCLES



### CAN BE RELIED UPON.

When you start out on a Columbia,  
you come home on it.

The fact that it is impossible to ascertain the quality of a bicycle by a casual examination should be a sufficient reason for buying a wheel with a reputation.

There is no wheel that has been before the public so long, none that stands or ever stood so high, none so well guaranteed, none whose guarantee is so substantial and so

liberally interpreted, none so safe to buy as a Columbia. With Columbias listed at \$125, few riders will be so unwise as to invest in lower grade bicycles.

Catalogue free at our agencies,  
or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

### IVORY SOAP

USED IN HOSPITALS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.



The 19th Century Woman has asserted her right to the pursuit of health, wealth and happiness, and knows how to go to work to obtain them. She begins with her health. When an ache or a pain warns her of overwork; when a cold, sore throat or indigestion tells of coming danger, instead of waiting to be laid up from either work or pleasure, she at once applies an

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER and goes right on with her duties, knowing that she can safely rely upon the ALLCOCK'S to take care of the trouble.

And when she asks for an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and the druggist tries to sell her something "just as good as ALLCOCK'S," she goes elsewhere, for she wants only the best and will have none but

### Allcock's Porous Plasters

### ADMIRAL and OPERA LIGHTS Cigarettes

SMOKED BY THE ELITE.

### FREE CURE. Kidney

Liver & Urinary Diseases.

ALKAVIS is a positive cure for Kidney, Liver and Urinary Diseases. It is from the new Polynesian shrub, KAVA-KAVA (botanical name: Piper Methysticum) described in New York World, Feb. 8, 1893, and Medical Gazette, of Dec. 1892. Endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Brick-Dust deposits, Rheumatism, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, pain in back, etc. Sold at Two Dollars a Bottle. Descriptive Book sent free to all.

or if you will send us Ten Cents (postage stamps will do) to pay express charges, we will send you One Bottle by express, prepaid, FREE. We know ALKAVIS is a Positive Cure, and we send it Free to prove its wonderful effects. Give your Post-office and nearest Express Office. Address, THE CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., 418 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### \$100 CASH

will be paid to the person sending us the most appropriate name for our grand New Canna, No. 1900. Full particulars will be found, together with a colored plate of this Canna, in the April number of

"Success with Flowers,"

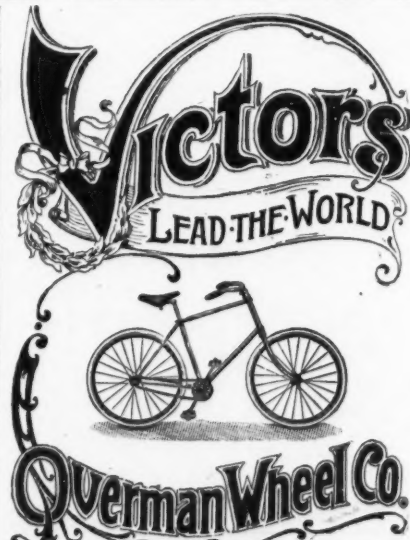
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A sample copy will be sent free for the asking. Mention LESLIE'S. Address

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